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CATHARINE AND CRAUFURD TAIT.

CATHARINE AND CRAUFURD TAIT

WIFE AND SON OF ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

A Memoir

EDITED AT THE REQUEST OF THE ARCHBISHOP

BY

THE REV. WM. BENHAM, B.D.

VICAR OF MARDEN, AND ONE OF THE SIX PREACHERS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

ABRIDGED EDITION

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Preface.

WHEN the mother and son who form the subject of the present Memoir died in 1878, many personal friends asked that it should be written. The Archbishop and his daughters, though they hesitated much, yet felt that it was their duty to yield to the wish, seeing that the lessons which the memorials of such lives were able to convey ought not to be lost, that they are the setting up of a light before men, who may be enabled thereby to glorify their Father who is in heaven.

The publication therefore was, after much consideration, decided upon, and in its original form it consisted of three distinct portions. First, a Memoir of his wife by the Archbishop himself; secondly, a collection of other memories by dear and old friends of Mrs. Tait and Craufurd; and thirdly, a narrative which she herself wrote, of the

terrible blow which fell upon her in 1856, when five of her children died in as many weeks.

The reception of the book proved that the Archbishop had not wrongly judged. Hundreds of letters were received both by himself and by the Editor expressive of thankfulness and sympathy, and to this very day requests have continued to come from high and low asking that the work may be published in a form which shall place it within the reach of humble mourners.

The present edition is the response to these requests. The Archbishop's own Memoir remains unaltered. So does Mrs. Tait's Narrative. But the compilation from other sources has been greatly curtailed. And thus, while the book is made much cheaper, the material which gave it its permanent value remains exactly what it was before. As to its teaching I see nothing to alter in what I said in the Preface to the First Edition. I therefore repeat it now.

The simple lesson of these two lives is one—a bright lesson shining through the darkness of our present sorrow. It shows how the early Christian

training which the mother received from her parents was carried on by her with unwearied patience in the training of her only son—and with a like result, namely, the power of continuance in prayer to sustain and cheer when the character is chastened by that discipline of suffering which a loving Father sends to us all, and which is good for us all, if we will but recognise it as coming from His hand.

There was this great difference, indeed, in the application of the truth to the two lives, a difference to be often meditated upon by those who are left. In the one case an extended life of usefulness was granted on the earth; in the other, there was that early and sudden departure to which so many each year are called. But to the faithful such an ending is not less full of hope. They are sure that it is the entrance upon new duties, in a land which is indeed unknown, but which is 'a goodly land and a large,' and lightened by the presence of Christ.

The lesson of these lives has indeed been, and is daily being, repeated in the lives and deaths of hundreds of Christian mothers and earnest-minded

young clergymen. Only few of all these have had such a field or such rare advantages for showing forth their light. Let this volume go forth, then, as an example of the life of many a one, and may God bless it to His glory and the comfort of many!

W. B.

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Part E.

'STONEHOUSE, ST. PETER'S,
THANET, *Jan.* 1879.

'MY DEAR BENHAM,—You wish me to send you a letter with some recollections of my wife and son, for the Memoirs which you have kindly undertaken to edit. It soothes my sorrow to comply with your request.—Yours sincerely,

'A. C. C.'

CATHARINE TAIT

IT is impossible to judge rightly of the character of my dear wife without considering the influences which surrounded her early days. The beautiful Parsonage of Elmdon, in the midst of the green fields and the stately elms from which it took its name, was the place of her birth, and in its deep retirement she lived till her marriage. The garden, the few scattered cottages which composed the parish, the Hall and its inmates, the relations, and the leading evangelical clergy who came to visit the truly venerable Archdeacon Spooner, her father—these formed the world in which she grew up from childhood.

She had never seen the sea until a year or two before her marriage; she had only visited her near relations and their friends in Worcestershire and Warwickshire. The connexion with the world without was kept up only by the cousins at the Hall, and the brothers returning from College, sometimes bringing their friends with them, and by the accounts of those more distant visits which the father and mother and elder daughters occasionally made. A great event for all the family was the single visit which the elders paid to Ireland, to the ancestral home of her mother, Dromoland, in the county of Clare. This visit was paid before the death of the

last Marquis of Thomond, by which event Sir Lucius O'Brien, son of Mrs. Spooner's brother Sir Edward, succeeded to the barony of Inchiquin and the headship of the O'Brien clan. By this visit was cemented the great intimacy, which has lasted to this day, with the cousins who formed the Dromoland family. Many of them, from time to time, visited the sweet Parsonage, and an eager interest was ever taken in all Irish affairs. At first it was the M'Ghee and O'Sullivan efforts to enlighten the poor benighted Papists; afterwards, when things had somewhat changed, the College of St. Columba, and William Sewell's attempts, with the Monsells, and Adares, and Aubrey de Vere, and kindred spirits, to indoctrinate young Ireland with the principles of the Oxford movement. From this connexion with Dromoland came lifelong friendships and enduring interests. Sir Edward O'Brien had strenuously laboured on behalf of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the Cabinet Minister who contested the county of Clare against O'Connell at the memorable election which virtually secured Roman Catholic Emancipation, and for a time all the O'Briens and their kin were staunch Protestants of the purest type. When I first met my dear wife, as she was on a visit to my sister, then living in Worcestershire, she—a girl of under seventeen—was full of zeal for the Irish clergy, oppressed and half-starved, as she supposed, by their Popish parishioners.

Old Lady O'Brien, the mother of Sir Edward, had left the Dromoland home long before with her beautiful daughters, three of whom married Englishmen. Gerard Noel, the husband of one of these, was naturally from the many attractive qualities of his Christian character, the most loved and honoured uncle of the family at Elmdon Parsonage. Major Henry O'Brien,

his brother-in-law, who finally joined the Plymouth Brethren, had much to do with the first distinct wakenings of the spiritual life in Catharine's mind. It was not till some years later that the marriage of her immediate elder sister to Edward Fortescue, then a youth brimful of old nonjuring notions, handed down to him by his father, and fanned into zeal by the teachings of Newman at Oxford, brought a totally strange element into the family. Catharine, with all the enthusiasm of her girlhood, became greatly affected by the ascetic, enthusiastic, and truly devout character of this new brother-in-law. She was often heard to say that there was a time when no life would have appeared to her more happy than that of becoming village schoolmistress in the district which this enthusiastic young priest had carved for himself out of a neglected parish in the neighbourhood of his father's home near Stratford-upon-Avon. This castle in the air took the place of that earlier dream which she used to say made her ardently wish at sixteen that she might have joined the Achill or some other mission to the benighted Papists in the west of Ireland. As life wore on, she saw, and deeply deplored, the many points of divergence between her convictions and those of her brother-in-law, long before his changed views led to his final secession to the Church of Rome; but all through her life that marked love for the ceremonial of the English Church, with which he had at first indoctrinated her, continued as the outward form in which her deep inward piety embodied itself.

For a time, then, in her enthusiastic girlhood, she began to think that there was nothing like the teaching of what was called the Oxford School, and could scarcely bear that it should be opposed and spoken

against. She has often told me how when she heard that one of the four protesting tutors, who helped to bring to a sudden close the series of the Oxford Tracts, was a candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby, she earnestly hoped that he would not be successful, and gave all her wishes in favour of Charles Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrews, who, as it was reported, had been requested by his friends to become a candidate. It was a strange turn of fate which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life at Rugby, Carlisle, Fulham, Lambeth, sharing in all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work which he was called to promote, united to him in the truest fellowship of soul, while still tempering, by the associations of her early Oxford bias, whatever might otherwise have been harsh in his judgments of the good men from whom on principle he differed.

But to return to the home at Elmdon Parsonage:—Though its inmates lived in deep retirement, they knew and took an interest in all that was going on without. I have mentioned Elmdon Hall, which had been the Archdeacon's birthplace. It was distant from the Parsonage only a few hundred yards. The Archdeacon's mother had lived there as a widow: she was the sister of the first Lord Calthorpe. Herself a good Christian, but a stiff precisian, she was brought in her old age, I believe, to a fuller knowledge of the true spirit of the Gospel by her son at the Parsonage, with his brother-in-law Gerard Noel, and by the great and good man who had married her daughter, William Wilberforce. The memories of this old lady still lingered about Elmdon; and when the eldest brother,

the father of many bright sons, succeeded to the Hall, the same religious life which had got possession of the parish continued in its great house. These sons, the cousins at the Hall, brought first their College friends and tutors, then, as years went on, their wives and families, into the little community, and the marriage of the eldest to Miss Innes of Lochalsh created a new interest for the Highlands of Scotland, to add to the already existing interest for Ireland.

QUIET years rolled on. The bachelor cousin, the second Lord Calthorpe, paid his annual visits to the Parsonage, bringing with him the last news from London, and Uncle Dick Spooner, afterwards Member for the county of Warwick, full of extreme Tory politics and puzzling questions of finance; and Dr. Marsh came, and old Dr. Bridges, and Bishop Ryder of Lichfield, and on one marked occasion Dr. Chalmers, and later on Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester,—these, with the occasional interruption of a visit from Henry Wilberforce, or some other friend of the younger members of the family, kept the quiet life from stagnating. I must not forget, too, the ever welcome periodical visits of Aunt Lucia O'Brien—a hearty evangelical in religion,—the most sympathising and large-hearted of Irish maiden ladies, called by her nephew, Charles Harris (Bishop of Gibraltar), 'the world's great-aunt,' who, with no home of her own, migrated from house to house of her almost innumerable relations, and kept the whole clan together by the affection which she called forth and everywhere received.

A fresh connexion, too, with Ireland arose. On a

fine summer's day, in a moment, by the fall of a tree, the possessor of the Hall, the Archdeacon's eldest brother, was struck with death,—an eccentric man, but a true Christian; the terror and yet the friend of all the beggars who used to come from Birmingham to infest his pleasure-grounds, whom, after relieving far beyond their deserts, he would at the head of his gamekeepers and stable-servants, with many shouts, chase through the Parsonage field into the public road. He died, and his death scattered the happy party at the Hall; for his eldest son had chosen to make his home on his wife's property in the Highlands, and the place was let to the old Countess of Rosse, who came there from Ireland in her widowhood. She came in fear and trembling, having heard of the Puritanical Archdeacon and his five religious daughters; but experience soon melted her heart. She took all of them, and especially Catharine, the youngest, into close affection, and at last even left her a legacy in her will. The old Countess soon gathered round her a troop of her Irish kin—Lord Lorton, and the charming Mrs. Lefroy his daughter, King-Harmans, and many others. The families of the Hall and the Parsonage again lived on the most friendly terms. Lady Rosse's Irish relations were glad to find Mrs. Spooner and her daughters enthusiastic about Ireland, proud of their descent from Brian Boru, and, provided any scheme was genuinely Irish, not very particular as to whether it was consistent with the old Tory politics of their family, or was being gradually moulded into the form which a mistaken love for Ireland assumed years after in the rebel cousin, William Smith O'Brien. Thus from a new quarter, the Irish connexion and friendships were enlarged. No wonder that they lasted through life.

Lady Rosse died, and the Hall after a time was sold by the eldest cousin. There was always friendship between the Parsonage and the new owner, but the romantic spell of the early days was broken.

Thus, under changing influences, Catharine grew on to womanhood in the old Parsonage. A visit to Cheltenham, where the family were intimate with the Closes; another to Hastings, during which on a fine summer's day, reading the Bible in the old churchyard, as she used to tell, she was warned by a Scripture-reader, as the best advice he could give her, not to marry a drunkard or a Sabbath-breaker; and another visit, which deeply affected her imagination, to the hitherto unknown beauties of the mountains about the English Lakes—these were the only changes from the quiet Parsonage-life till she was three-and-twenty. Two sisters and a brother had been married, and with them and their rising families came fresh interests. But the daily routine was to read some interesting book of history, philosophy, or theology all the morning, to teach in the Sunday-school, to visit the cottagers and help them in their difficulties, and almost every evening towards dusk, after his post hour, to take a long walk through the parish with the much-loved father, to tend the somewhat failing health of the dear mother of the family, who was a perfect model of a Christian lady, directing all around her by the gentlest influence.

Into this quiet life I was introduced through my friends the Sandfords of Dunchurch, and by the intimacy of my sister with a very dear aunt of the family, in the winter of 1842, and not many weeks passed before Catharine had consented to share with me my anxious life at Rugby.

When, in the previous November, Mrs. Sandford brought her over from Dunchurch, where she was staying on a visit, to Rugby, to see the school, and introduce her to the new head-master, our acquaintance did not begin for the first time, though for years we had been strangers. I have mentioned above that we had met in Worcestershire; this was some six or seven years before. Her uncle, Mr. Gerard Noel, had then jokingly said to her at Hallow Park, where she was staying, 'I suppose you are making these slippers for Mr. Tait:' a curious anticipation, as neither she nor Mr. Tait had any thoughts of each other: they had only met casually, and did not meet again for so many years. When the good uncle was sent for in the summer of 1843 to marry us at Elmdon, he quietly remarked, 'So, Kitty, you were, after all, making those slippers for Mr. Tait.' Very heartily did he give his sanction to the fulfilment of his prophecy, and never did the rectory and parish look more joyous than on that bright midsummer day, when, amid approving representatives of both families, he united us for life in the little church in which she had been baptized.

IT would be difficult to conceive a more complete change than that which now awaited her. She had, of course, to be introduced to all her new relations, Scotch and English, whose ways of looking upon men and things were very different from those she had been accustomed to in her early home. And when the pleasant marriage tour, first in Derbyshire, and then through Lowland Scotland up to the Highlands, was finished, and we had been welcomed once again on a bright autumn evening for a few days' rest in the old

Parsonage, we plunged at once into our busy life. She used to say that my face assumed a business-like look the moment we came to our home at Rugby. The life of the school-house was always busy, and had naturally many anxieties; but it was a very happy and a very bright life. Besides several hundred boys around us outside, there were seventy in the school-house. The servants, whose business it was to attend to these, formed a large household to be ruled by the young mistress. There were all the families of the masters as near neighbours and intimate friends; there were visitors continually coming from Oxford and elsewhere; and those who know what Rugby was when Arnold left it, will understand that every interesting question of politics, and all the latest speculations on theology and philosophy, were flying in the somewhat excited society of the masters from mouth to mouth.

Catharine had to hold her own in this totally new society, and she did it quietly; her sweet looks and warm intelligence recommended her to all. She braced herself for each day by the prayers of the Parish Church, from which she returned to family prayer. From the first she began the practice, which she continued for the five-and-thirty years of her married life, of teaching all the younger maid-servants of her household, and praying with them, on Sundays, and more frequently when she was preparing them for Confirmation, thus ruling well her household. She greatly enjoyed the bright stirring Sunday services in the school chapel. There, and wherever she appeared, the boys loved to look upon her face; she had the young ones to tea with her, and made conversation to entertain them, and was ready to discuss any subject that turned up at the

dinner-parties in which she received the tall youths of the sixth form. The boys in the sick-room were her especial care. She was invited everywhere by her neighbours in the town and the adjoining country. But she was never more happy than when helping me to get up my history lessons, or when galloping by my side in the green lanes and over the meadows. In the town she was soon known by all the poor, and she established a little school of girls, in which it was her pleasure to teach almost every day. You could scarcely dream of a brighter, happier, busier life, and she threw herself into it with full enjoyment. Two years passed before there was any hope of children, and we had pleasant tours together in the holidays—in Germany and in Italy. Nothing could exceed her enjoyment, notwithstanding all its fatigue, of the journey which she made with me and my two brothers and a nephew to Naples and beyond in the summer holidays of 1845. She mounted to the top of Vesuvius, then in eruption, explored Herculaneum and Pompeii, and revelled with me in tracing, with all the enthusiasm of a school-boy, the spots rendered famous by Virgil and Cicero. In Rome itself, Dr. Braun of No. 1 in the Tarpeian Rock had no more earnest listener as he kindly called our attention to the most notable statues, and led us through the most famous localities of the ancient city. She studied Dr. Schmitz's volumes of Niebuhr's Lectures with as much zest as if she and not I were going to teach the sixth form the fruits of our tour. And she was deeply interested in what glimpses we could obtain of the working of Romanism through the great festival which fell on the day of our visit to Albano, and afterwards in the strange exhibition of surviving medieval fanaticism which we encountered unexpectedly at

Perugia, when pilgrims came from all quarters of Italy to have their beads blessed by touching the ring of the Virgin. A far better impression was left by the memories of Carlo Borromeo, which she eagerly traced at Milan. It must be remembered that this tour was accomplished in the seven weeks of the midsummer vacation, under the blaze of an Italian sun; that there were no railways in those days, and we posted the whole journey in a carriage which we hired at Paris, except when we and our vehicle were transported on board a Mediterranean steamer from Genoa to Naples. The journey was conducted under such unfavourable circumstances, because, as things then were, it could not be accomplished at any other time of the busy year. The result, of course, was that, though we saw what we could of Italy, we found it in its summer attitude of slumbering repose. There was enough in this hurried journey to tire us all; but her spirit was indomitable, and she returned full of new thoughts and energy to her ordinary home-life at the opening of the autumn half-year. The school-house, meanwhile, had become a centre both for relations and for many other friends, and there can be no doubt that its chief attraction was its young mistress. She was twenty-six when her first child was born.

The routine of her life at Rugby was as follows:— I was in school, winter and summer, before the first stroke of the clock at seven, and soon after she would leave her room. Each morning at eight, often conducted by one of the school-house servants through the streets, which at Fair-time were crowded with cattle, she found her way to the old Parish Church, which she loved, and where her friend John Moultrie almost every morning read prayers. After some quiet time again

by herself in her own room she came down to our family prayers. Full of interest in all that was going on, she shared with friends who might be staying in the house in the news of the morning, but by a quarter-past ten at latest she had gone to her household work. On certain marked days she received at home the poor people who wished to speak with her, and noted all their wants. If there was time, she would join in reading aloud with the friends who might be staying with her, or, on certain fixed days, have a lesson in German.[1] Her afternoons on half-holidays were always at my disposal. No time was lost; the intervals were filled with visits to the poor, or other useful occupations. Boys of the school-house were seen both by her and me for some time in the evenings, that she as well as I might become acquainted with them all. And all spare time was spent in reading before and after family prayers. So that for her each busy day ended always about midnight, to be succeeded next morning by another as busy and happy and useful as the last.

In the third year of our wedded life came the blessing of our eldest girl's birth, and all the happy cares of a young mother were added to the home life. Soon came another girl. Vacation tours were now of course curtailed; but still old friends in Scotland, in Derbyshire, and in Northamptonshire, as well as the family circle at Elmdon, welcomed the mother and her children. She was ever hailed as a guest at Renishaw, at Pitsford, and afterwards at Courteen Hall. In those days London was almost an unknown region to us, though with her keen interest in all that was going on, she greatly rejoiced

[1] It may be noted that her Rugby German master, dying thirty years afterwards, bequeathed to his pupil of long past days his gold watch and diamond ring.

when we could snatch a week to spend there. I remember no happier time than when with the two little girls, living in a cottage above Ambleside, in the bright days of a summer vacation, we wandered together among the mountains, and watched the glorious sunsets from Harrison's Terrace. She was indeed a sweet companion for such wanderings: she knew almost every Psalm by heart; her mind was stored with the old hymns she had learned in childhood, and passages of Cowper which had been her father's delight; she knew every part of the 'Christian Year,' and loved to repeat it; and choice passages from Wordsworth, Trench, and Tennyson, she always had ready, to give us food for thought. In the holidays we had much time for reading together, and though she always complained that she had not a good memory, I never knew any one who took a more intelligent pleasure in reading and being read to, especially on every subject of history and biography, or on anything which could assist in the understanding of the Bible.

Suddenly, in February 1848, came one of those quickly-gathering dark clouds which at intervals God has sent to overshadow my bright life. We had a dinner-party in the school-house, and I felt rather unwell, but went to bed as usual, hoping to rise for school-work; but next morning I was no better; still there was no anxiety, and my wife went without me to dine with some friends in the country. The following day I was found to have rheumatic fever, and by the evening I can just remember that I sent for the solicitor to the Trustees, to dictate to him my Will. I scarcely rose from my bed again till Easter week. On Ash-Wednesday I was expected to die every half-hour. There were long days and nights of watching during

that spring of 1848, when kingdoms all over Europe went down with a crash, and England itself was by many supposed to be on the brink of a Revolution. Of all these outward events I knew nothing for many days. But my young wife kept watch beside my bed. All through the worst days, and still more when I was recovering, she was ready to pray with me and to repeat helpful texts and hymns; and her own spirit, as she often said afterwards, was stayed upon the text, Isaiah l. 10: 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' Never shall I forget the thankfulness with which at last, on Easter Day—though my health was much shattered for life, and I rose a very different man in bodily strength from what I had been when I lay down,—she and I together returned thanks, and received the Holy Communion amid the bright band of youthful worshippers in the dear Rugby Chapel. I was restored to comparative health; but there were still to be anxious months of weakness. Wherever I went seeking for change, she was by my side, concealing her anxiety, and beaming with cheerful thankfulness, and wiling away all times of languor. You would have said, Surely this ceaseless care for another, and neglect of self, must have told in the long-run on her own health yet she seemed by God's blessing the strongest and most active of her kind, and most able for thirty years afterwards still to make every necessary exertion and enter into every enjoyment.

As a proof that in her Rugby life, while she cared for the poor and engaged in many good Christian works without, our family duties were by her rigidly attended to, I should mention that from her first return home

after our marriage tour, she relieved me entirely of the care of my accounts. These were complicated enough, even when confined to my own household expenses and those of the school-house, which she regulated with the utmost accuracy. But far more complicated were the general school-accounts, in the supervision of which she acted for me. The accurate division of the accounts of the different masters and myself was no light matter. One master in particular, who had the reputation of great financial ability, besides all his other brilliant qualities, was the chief director of the complicated scheme on which we proceeded, and great were his astonishment and her feeling of triumph, when one day the young wife of twenty-four convicted him of a serious mistake in his calculations, and brought him to rectify the account accordingly. These business habits were of the greatest use to her all through her life.

On one occasion my brother-in-law, Sir Charles Wake, scrutinising her accounts with the preconceived feeling that a lady's habits of business were not much to be trusted, was obliged to confess that nothing could be better managed. It was the same all through our Carlisle days, and in London, and when I became Archbishop. If my affairs have been well managed, it was her doing. Rigid punctuality in payment, clear balancing of the accounts on certain stated days, and methodical arrangement—these were the main features of her system. One day, when one of her brothers was at Coutts's Bank, the manager complimented him on the way in which Mrs. Tait conducted the Archbishop's affairs; and when she came to add the St. Peter's Orphanage accounts to all our other statements of receipt and expenditure, she carried the same exactness of system into the books of this public trust. When the

trustees met shortly after her death to see how the accounts of the Orphanage stood, they found everything discharged, and every item noted in her own hand, up to the day when she left Lambeth for Scotland on her last journey. She carried her Christian principle into all she had to do, and did it heartily and regularly, as to the Lord.

There scarcely ever was any one who so thoroughly enjoyed life. My sister, Lady Wake, reminded me the other day of Catharine saying lately at Addington that she did not care for pleasure, and the saying was received with a shout of laughter; yet the saying was true in this sense, that her highest pleasures were found in duty; yet her heart was open to every innocent enjoyment. She used to say that the Rugby time was the happiest of her life. I am not sure that this was so, but it was a very happy, bright time, even making full allowance for the cloud which my illness brought over it. But, indeed, to her all life was happy. God gave her wonderfully good health, and a buoyant, cheerful nature. She used to tell us that, when she was a young girl, she could not be prevented from laughing to herself through mere joyousness of spirit. This went with her through life. At Rugby, a beautiful house of her own, with a pleasant garden, the green grass of the Close, and the old elms overshadowing it, congenial society, ample means, abundant occupation—all these outward circumstances were added to the charm of the freshness of her early married independence. Here, as in the scenes of her after life, it was one of her chief characteristics to find enjoyment in every duty which she had to perform. There was in her no trace of the fine lady who thinks her husband's common work a thing in which she need not take much interest. Her

heart was in all we had to do together, and in all my separate work. While she found time for her own labours among the poor, and her own reading, her deepest interests were ever mine. It was the same at Carlisle, in London, and at Lambeth. The Chapter meetings of our Cathedral at Carlisle would have been very dull indeed had it not been for her readiness to make the members of the Chapter welcome in the Deanery. When we first went to London, she went to every opening of a church, and as often as possible to Confirmations. She tried to be ever with me when I was called to preach. The routine of such duties, and the parochial gatherings which generally accompanied their discharge, were sources of real enjoyment to her; she loved to make the acquaintance of the clergy, and to take an interest in the separate work of each. So at Lambeth, the gatherings of Bishops, with the interest of all that was going on in their several dioceses, the meetings of Convocation, for all the members of which she threw open our house—these things gave her the truest pleasure. Yet she fully enjoyed all extraneous pleasures also. I never knew any one who felt more happy at a well-arranged London dinner-party, when sitting next some Cabinet Minister or man of letters, or Bishop, or bright young lawyer or clergyman interested in the work of his profession. Our periodical visits to Windsor in later days were thoroughly enjoyed by her; and she seemed always ready for a simple, happy holiday when the pressure of business and the necessary claims of society allowed her leisure.

PERHAPS the brightness of the Rugby life was not unnaturally most fondly remembered, because it was there she first learned the great joy of being a mother among happy children. Her first two girls, long since in heaven, were an inexpressible delight granted before my illness. Soon after I began to recover God gave us that dear only son who was our solace in many trials, and our joy and pride till he had nearly completed his nine-and-twentieth year. Nothing could exceed in tenderness the affectionate friendship which bound the mother and the son. A lovely baby at Rugby during our last year's stay there, he was the favourite of the school-house boys, who placed on his head a school-house football cap. He was with us in the carriage when the boys took out the horses and dragged us down to the station to bid us farewell at the close of our bright Rugby life. I remember when the first of his little sisters born at Carlisle came into the world, he was found watching, stretched on the mat at his mother's door. As he grew to boyhood his attachment to her became almost romantic, like that of a lover; he consulted her in all his early troubles: he read with her in his holidays, as for example, Grote's Greece and Clarendon. I think by thus guiding his tastes she contributed no small share to his distinction in the History schools at Oxford. And when he took Holy Orders he found a great help for his ministry in the efforts she had made to imbue him from the first with a knowledge of Holy Scripture. Who that witnessed them can forget her tender welcomes of him when he returned home from his first school, from Eton from Christ Church, from his eight months' travels

in Egypt and in Syria, and from his last journey across the Atlantic? How tenderly she nursed him in every early illness, and in those last sad months when his failing strength spoke with too sure foreboding to her loving heart that he must leave her soon!

While he was still at Christ Church she had visited him there, and taken the deepest interest in the progress he was making in his work. When she went down to his curacy at Saltwood, with what joy she heard from his friend and Rector, Erskine Knollys, and his dear wife, to whom he was as one of her own family, as well as from the good woman in whose house he lodged, how he was loved in his labours amongst the poor. It was a touching sight to see her in church, listening to his sermons, when he preached at Addington or Lambeth. I remember the beaming look with which she heard me read the letter of the venerable Bishop of New York, congratulating me on the impression my son had made on all who were thrown in his way in his American tour, and especially on his winning all hearts to him, when with modest grace he spoke a few words as my representative in the Convention, and presented my letter of invitation to join the Lambeth Conference. And the thought is almost too sad to dwell on, of the intense interest with which, on that dark night of February 1878, she joined with me and his sisters, and the congregation of St. John's, Notting Hill, in watching his pale face lighted with a heavenly interest, as, with the shadow of death upon him, he passed through the ceremony of his induction to his long-wished-for cure, and we heard the Archdeacon explain to the congregation the bright hopes they might entertain of the self-denying labours of their young pastor. He was indeed, all through his life, her true

and tender friend. No wonder that his death, and the circumstances which had preceded it, were too much for her, and she joined him in the Paradise of God at the end of six months. But if this loss, and, two-and-twenty years before, that of her five sweet little daughters, was a trial such as flesh and blood could not bear without the special grace of God the Comforter, the very intenseness of the sorrow shows how great must have been the happiness which the loss brought to a close. Our greatest griefs ever spring from our holiest and best joys, and no one who knew my dear wife will doubt that, besides all other sources of enjoyment, God gave her the highest of all earthly good things in her family affections. How often have I heard her say at Fulham, when she was recovering from the devastating shock which attended our leaving Carlisle, 'God has been very good to fill our nursery again;' and no one who ever saw her, especially on a Sunday evening, with the three daughters who grew up around her, can doubt that she had the fullest enjoyment in their society and that of her son. I will not say how full of blessings to us both was her constant companionship as a wife and friend. How both her family joy and her family sorrow were leavened by that deep devotion which was her main characteristic was shown in the tone and look of unspeakable thankfulness with which she ever acknowledged the privilege, that of all the six children taken from her, every one, from the youngest to the eldest, had so passed from life as to leave not a shadow of doubt that they all went direct to the presence of their Saviour.

BUT to return:—Her work amongst the poor at Rugby had not been very different in kind from that to which she had been accustomed in her early home. After all, Rugby is not more than a large village, and it was in her native county. To the Warwickshire labourers and their families, most of whom, both in her father's parish and in Rugby, were members of the Church of England—to their habits, their houses, their modes of thought and speech,—she had been accustomed from her childhood. But when we moved to Carlisle all was new. An old fortified town, enclosed until lately within walls—clustering at the base of its castle,—cramped into narrow lanes (as the only mode of extending population within the walls had been to cover every available yard of ground with buildings); these narrow lanes the abode of the very squalid poverty of a mass of people drawn in not very unequal proportions from England, from Scotland, and from Ireland. On every side were evident signs of the vice and misery which a garrison is apt to spread around its neighbourhood. Without the limit of the ancient walls, dingy modern streets stretched out towards the country, the worst of them inhabited by the decaying race of poverty-stricken hand-loom weavers, the better by the tolerably well-to-do mill-hands who worked in the smoky manufactories which modern industry had raised round the old fortress city; —this was the place and this the population amongst the poor of which she set herself to work. The Deanery and Cathedral were in the middle of the town, and she soon made her home a centre to which the poor looked for sympathy and help. I remember that

this innovation on old prescribed ideas of Cathedral etiquette was at first not regarded with any great favour by some of the inhabitants of the 'Abbey,' as the Cathedral precincts were in Carlisle called. Yet certainly my dear wife sacrificed none of the other duties of the Deanery House to her works amongst the poor. Her poor neighbours were encouraged to come at stated times and under proper restrictions to make their wants known at the Deanery, and she went out at regular hours to visit such of them as seemed to require her presence in their homes. There was not much pastoral visiting in Carlisle at this time, nor any very well-regulated system of district subdivision in the four overgrown parishes which included the whole town, so that it was difficult not to be overwhelmed by the multiplicity of claims; but she was systematic in her work, and contented rather to do a little well than spread her exertions over a sphere too wide to be of any use. The central school also, which she regularly visited, and in which she taught, gave her an acquaintance with a manageable number of poor families. Many of the homes which she was called to visit were as unlike the tidy Warwickshire cottages of her youth as can well be conceived. Irish courts, with all the exaggerated characteristics which Irish families develop in a worse form in England than even in their own land, presented perhaps the most urgent appeals, such as could not be resisted. The religious peculiarities of the inhabitants of these and other courts were no bar to the charitable efforts of the Dean's wife in their behalf. She used to tell how one of the Irish women, by way of currying favour with the wife of a Protestant dignitary, said to her one day, when asked what place of worship she frequented, 'Well, ma'am, I 'll not tell

you no lies: I am a Catholic, but then I'm a very bad 'un;' and another applicant when similarly questioned said, 'I thank God I'm no bigot; I can worship as comfortably in the church as in the chapel or tabernacle, and as comfortably in the tabernacle as in the church.' Indeed, the religious condition of some of these people was peculiar. I remember an old woman between eighty and ninety, whom we had visited for years, and whom our Scripture-reader also regularly attended, who had had a strange history through the murder of her son, and who always professed her allegiance to the Church of England. Suddenly, when death, long delayed, was certainly coming at last, she sent for the priest, and declared herself a Roman Catholic. However, there were amongst the poor whom my wife tended some truly consistent Christians. I remember one man, John Horsley by name (who believed himself to be some relation of the famous Bishop); he was a regular worshipper in the Cathedral, at least when the Dean was to preach, and though very poor, a man of a good deal of intelligence, and apparently a simple-minded Christian. One day as my wife was coming out of the Cathedral she saw him standing by the Deanery door, and, as she was busy, she was passing on after having addressed to him a few words. 'I wanted to speak to you to-day, Mrs. Tait,' he said, intimating that he was not well; 'I am come to bid you goodbye, for I am going to die to-day.' She stopped and said she would send the Scripture-reader to see him, and, if he liked, to pray with him at his house. 'Better not send him to the house to-day, ma'am, for it 's washing-day, and my landlady will be very busy; but I came here just to tell you that I'm going to die to-day.' She did what she could to cheer

him, and after a little time he went away; and to be sure, when the Scripture-reader arrived, he found that old John was dead. I remember also an old woman (very much in outward appearance and in language what I had imagined Mause Headrigg should be); she had a husband as old, or older than herself, who was not so quick of speech as she, who seemed also to be a real Christian. She used to lead the old man with her wherever she went to prayer and sermon, and as far as one could judge by outward signs, the old couple were living not for this world, but with their hearts above. Whensoever I preached, or had a lecture in my night-school room, the old couple were to be seen there. The old woman sent for my wife upon her deathbed, that she might tell how she felt when passing through what she called 'the swelling of Jordan,' and left her blessing to him whom she designated as young Samuel, that is our dear Craufurd, then only some five or six years old. I remember one simple-minded creature who was often visited. She lived in one of the least pleasant lanes, and we thought it a great thing for her when some relation offered to take her to stay in the pleasant village of Rockcliff, overhanging a lovely view of the Eden, and in the fine fresh air. But she soon came back to Carlisle, for she couldn't bear the change to village life, and longed, I believe, amongst other things, to be back within reach of the Cathedral, and to join the congregation there. Many friendships were thus made with the simple-minded poor, and the memory of the dear lady from the Deanery can scarcely have passed away, though twenty-two years have now gone since Carlisle ceased to be our home. She visited regularly in the workhouse, for which there was at that time in Carlisle no Union chaplain, and many were

the hours which she spent reading with the afflicted inmates.

Perhaps more might have been done, both by her and me, in the way of organisation, which might have continued after our own day; but the parochial arrangements of the town at that time were such as to make this very difficult, and she contented herself rather with the endeavour to encourage every good work which might be undertaken, and with the regular supervision of such poor families as she could personally visit. After we left, the arrangements effected with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners enabled the parishes of the town to be all subdivided, and the present Dean aided by the three Bishops who have filled the See since our time, has had the blessing of seeing several new churches erected and placed under the charge of clergy, energetic in their work, and not overwhelmed by the vastness of the population of their districts. But I had my hands full with the attempt to reorganise the Cathedral Grammar School, and with the restoration of the Cathedral building. In these, and in all other good objects, my dear wife was my constant helper, while her efforts amongst the poor were as far as possible helped forward, both by the lectures I gave in my night-school, and by my undertaking to preach regularly as to a settled congregation in the Cathedral, of which, of course, the seats were free to all comers.

Meanwhile my wife neglected no other duty. There was no lack of hospitality in the Deanery. She greatly enjoyed gathering our neighbours around her there. All the members of the Chapter and their families were attached to her, as well as all the other clergy and officers of the Cathedral body; and the change from the more genial life of Rugby was gradually compen-

sated by an enlarging circle of society in the neighbourhood. No one ever more heartily entered into the enjoyment of visiting in the country-houses which were opened to receive us.

The chief happiness of her domestic life was in the children who one after another were born to give brightness to the dingy old Deanery. Each day while we were in residence she would sally forth in our open car with the whole body of them when an interval came from the work of the day. In spring-time and in summer we would encamp some four or five miles beyond the smoke of the city, and wander with them, seeking wild-flowers in the woods or loitering pleasantly by the river-side. And then as the elder of them grew up, what pleasant hours she spent in reading with them and how wonderfully she was able to interest their growing intelligence in all the good works which she herself did for Christ's sake. The Cathedral services, too, were both to her and to them a never-ceasing source of interest. There might be much to improve in the Cathedral—it had certainly a somewhat forlorn air when we first became acquainted with it,—but to her it was ever God's House; she sought and received daily blessings from it.

I cannot say that she loved our eight months' annual residence in Carlisle. She was always glad when our vacation-time arrived, and we were able in the winter-time or spring to return to visit the old home at Elmdon, or some of our relations in Derbyshire and Northamptonshire, making a rush occasionally for a week or two to London; or when in summer, with all our children about us, we migrated to some lovely spot on the Lakes or in Scotland. We generally settled ourselves in some pleasant house, which we hired for two

months: and as she was as great a favourite in my family as in her own, we had no lack of visitors when we desired their companionship.

One summer we lived, keeping house together, with my three brothers at Alva, near the home of my boyhood, and my wife here, as elsewhere, cemented the union of the different elements which composed this joint family. By my two brothers who had spent most of their lives in Scotland, and my soldier brother who had seen twenty years of a hard military life in India, and by the motherless children of my eldest brother, she was alike beloved. Such was her nature that she always won all hearts. Another summer we had a lovely house at Keswick, and old friends gathered around us. Another we spent at St. Andrews, and greatly she enjoyed, not only the quiet of the place and its many associations with old Scottish ecclesiastical history, but also the society and unfailingly interesting conversation of Sir David Brewster, who at that time made the little northern University famous.

Some six weeks of our summer vacation in 1855 were spent by us in a tour in Ireland, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth and our dear little son. The land of her mother's birth and affections stirred in her the romantic feelings of her early days. I well remember her pleasure in the visit to Dromoland, and the happy quiet time in the genuine Irish home at Cullane. It was a pleasant journey which we made with her cousin Mrs. Studdert on an open jaunting-car through Clare, gazing from the cliffs of Moher on the expanse of the Atlantic; and driving in the bright summer weather through the wild country by Lisdoonvarna, Kilfenora, and the old O'Brien Castle of Lemmonaye. These days, as well as those others which we spent with the

Bence Joneses near Clonakilty, and afterwards amid the arbutus-covered hills of Killarney, sent us back refreshed, rejoicing to meet the happy group of our children, and spend a month with them by the well-known sea. There, when I was called up to London on the business of the University Commission, as well as at other times, especially in the late autumn when we could be spared from Carlisle before our holiday was exhausted, she had dearly loved the little lodging at the quiet village of Allonby, where, book in hand, reading with me or with the children, she could wander undisturbed for miles along the pleasant sands, and watch the glorious sunset which lighted up Criffel and the other Scottish hills beyond the Solway. Sometimes in these vacations I was engaged in writing some article or lecture in which she would take intense interest, and for which she was ever at hand to help me in my reading. And thus passed from six to seven quiet years.

Then on a day in the early spring of 1856 the clouds darkened and a change came upon us with the suddenness and overpowering force of a thunderstorm. She must herself describe this change in her own words. Suffice it here to say that in six weeks we laid five loved daughters in the churchyard at Stanwix within sight of our old Cathedral, and near the quiet waters of the Eden. Many a prayer had been offered up in Carlisle and elsewhere for our afflicted family, but God saw it to be for our good to take our children to Himself. Early in April, the day of the funeral of the last who died, we fled with our new-born baby, and were followed by our dear little son, to take refuge for a few days among the hills at Moffat, almost afraid that we should not be received in any lodging, from the alarm which the fever that visited the Deanery had caused. After

a little time we moved to the country she loved so well on the banks of Windermere; there we rested a fortnight, and presented our baby to be received into the Church at Bowness. The summer found us, by the kindness of our friends the William Marshalls, slowly recovering from the shock which had uprooted us from the Deanery, in the pleasant house they lent to us on Ullswater; soothed between the months of May and September by wandering with our dear Craufurd amid the most lovely scenery, in perfect retirement, watching the ever-changing colours on the hills around us, as week followed week in the advance from spring to autumn. She returned with me to Carlisle for a few days for the opening of the restored Cathedral in June, when we stayed with our friends the George Dixons. We never slept in the Deanery again. The shock had been overpowering. But as in the quiet country home which had been lent to us we cherished our dear little son and baby girl, and read together, and prayed together, and bathed our spirits in the beauties that surrounded us, by God's mercy there came over us a holy calm.

God was preparing both my wife and me for a great change of life, a far more extended field of work than we had before known, and fresh great blessings, which for twenty years she enjoyed with the keenest sense of gratitude, tempered by the solemn thoughts which this great trial had fixed deep within her heart.

ON the 17th of September 1856 I received a letter at Halsteads from Lord Palmerston, with the announcement that the Queen had been pleased to approve of my appointment to the See of London. When I placed the letter in her hands, she asked me to

take quiet time for prayer, and then to answer it. We had been forming together plans as to how we should be best able to bear the return to our duties in Carlisle, and this great change came to solve the problem. She felt all the solemnity of the occasion, and for herself and me desired that we should enter on our new work in the spirit of prayer. The months which followed were necessarily full of much occupation, from this sudden change of life. By the 23d of November 1856, the day of my consecration in Whitehall Chapel, we were established in a hired house in London. It was not until the spring that we took possession of London House; and as Bishop Blomfield lived till the end of next summer, we were not settled at Fulham until the late autumn of 1857. By the Christmas (1856) after my consecration we were in the full swing of work in the greatest diocese of the world. My dear wife devoted herself resolutely at once to do her part. The candidates ordained by me (now a long catalogue of some 700 clergy), most of them retain some remembrance of her kindliness. She did all she could to make the acquaintance of the London clergy, but these were about 1000 in number, and she had set herself a task which could not be perfectly fulfilled. It must be remembered that at this time her heart was still bowed down by recent grievous mourning. I shall never forget, when we went for a few days to see my sister, Lady Sitwell, near Maidenhead, the feelings with which we together watched, from the railway embankment near the station, the setting of the last sun of 1856, with all its solemn thoughts of past joys and sorrows and coming responsibilities. Nor was the feeling very different when, a year after, standing on the Bishop's Walk at Fulham, we saw the last sun of 1857 light up

the Thames and glisten among the old trees and still recall the same sacred memories. As soon as she well could, she threw her drawing-rooms at London House open, and invited as many of the clergy to a friendly gathering as the house could hold. Good Bishop Blomfield was still living, and in full possession of all his mental faculties. I recall her admiration of his noble form, as she walked by the wheel-chair on which he was carried prostrate round the garden at Fulham; and from him and Mrs. Blomfield, and their son Frederick, who became one of my chaplains, she anxiously endeavoured to gain advice and information for the better discharge of her and my duties. Bishop Blomfield had begun these clerical gatherings at London House. She gladly caught at the idea of continuing them, and afterwards developed them on a larger scale in the gardens and spacious rooms of Fulham Palace. In no year during the whole of our time in London did she fail to receive the whole body of the London clergy as her guests. This, scarcely possible in any other diocese, could be done in that of London, where all the clergy reside within a few miles of the Episcopal House.

From the first also, as I have said before, she set herself to make personal acquaintance with as many as possible of the parishes which I was called to visit. St. James's and Fulham, of course, soon became the chief centres of her interest amongst the poor. In the former she confined herself to visiting in the workhouse, where she was to be found every Sunday of our residence in St. James's Square during the twelve years of my London episcopate. At Fulham she found poor cottages to visit, which reminded her of her old days at Rugby and Elmdon; and in the widows' Almhouses and

Union Workhouse she was continually to be seen. Soon, as her knowledge of London increased, she became well acquainted with many of the hospitals, and especially gave herself to such branches of work as were best suited for a woman. The Brompton Consumptive Hospital lay half way between Fulham and London House, and many poor patients have carried to their dying day a grateful remembrance of the regular Scripture lesson which week after week she gave there. Meanwhile penitentiaries, conducted by sisterhoods, were growing. She took an interest in them all, especially in St. James's Home, which she was chiefly instrumental in having erected on a portion of the episcopal estate at Fulham. The ladies at the head of these institutions became her friends; and so many were the centres of such work in which, as time went on, she became interested, that I remember we used to have a joke that one day when she said to the footman at the carriage door, 'Home,' he answered, 'Which Home, ma'am?' Obviously this multiplicity of occupations called for systematic arrangement, and she was very careful not to undertake what she could not effectually fulfil.

Meanwhile a great deal devolved upon her in the direct furtherance of my episcopal work as Bishop of London. London House and Fulham quite as much as Lambeth have long been centres for the whole episcopate of the English Church. She and I took the earliest opportunity of visiting our episcopal brethren at their own homes. Cuddesdon, then occupied by her first cousin, Samuel Wilberforce, was soon a centre of attraction to us. Her intimacy with this relation was very close. She had a true admiration of his many marvellous gifts, and especially of that fund of true

religious feeling which he had inherited from his father, and which formed after all the deepest and strongest element in his most versatile character. But no long time passed before we had visited in almost every episcopal house in England, and thus came to know more intimately both my brother Bishops and their families. All the Bishops of the English bench became, more or less, her friends, from the old Henry of Exeter—who, having received kindly sympathy from her in the last illness of his suffering daughter, poured forth upon her, when approaching his ninetieth year, compliments, which, in addressing her, came from the genuine gratitude of his heart,[1]—to Montagu Villiers of Durham, for whose unexpected death she sincerely grieved, esteeming him a genuine man of God. With Mrs. Villiers she kept up her intimacy till death called the widow to join her husband. I well remember our visit to the great scholar of St. David's at Abergwilli, how she entered into all his peculiarities and won on his regard. There were afterwards few more pleasant days than when Bishop Thirlwall joined her guests at Fulham or at London House. She was ever a welcome guest at the house of the venerable Archbishop Sumner, enjoyed his playful humour and reverenced his deep piety; and she learned to love and esteem his successor from our visit to him at Auckland after Mrs. Longley's

[1] The circumstances of our last visit to him were these:—The old man received us at luncheon in his beautiful villa near Torquay. Though very feeble, he sat with us at table and next my wife, and exerted himself to the utmost. In telling some anecdote he forgot a name, and touching his forehead he said, 'My poor head! I forget all names now;' then, turning to her, he added,—'Except yours,' and taking, I think, her hand he said again,—'I shall never forget your name,' implying that this was for her kindness to the daughter he had lost.

death. Indeed, one might go through the whole list of my contemporaries in the episcopate, and I believe it would be true to say that there was not one of them who was not always glad to see her, and whom she did not gladly welcome with a feeling of almost sisterly regard. The two Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster in 1857 were Milman and Trench. It is not too much to say that both of them were truly attached to her, and with their wives she formed a lifelong friendship.

All this will show how many and widely different were the directions in which her sympathy went forth. Besides those whom I have mentioned she kept up close intimacy with all my College friends, a group sufficiently diversified in opinion and in character. When some one would blame any of them for eccentricities of opinion—as, for example, Dean Stanley, almost my oldest friend and the godfather of her eldest living daughter,—she always answered that though thoroughly orthodox herself, she had no faculty for detecting heresy, and could read with the deepest interest the books and enjoy the conversation of men from whom she differed, and admire their great qualities and help them in good works without in any way pledging herself to follow their guidance.

This wide acquaintance, however, with my coadjutors and friends by no means filled up the whole of the ever-widening circle of the social claims upon her time. She never laid herself out in any way for what is commonly called London society, but her position necessarily brought her into connexion with many of its brightest ornaments. I know nothing in her life more truly Christian than the way in which she moved as befitted a Bishop's wife in such society. When she first came to London she was still young, and had it not

been for the deep lessons of her previous life, she might have been tempted to plunge into the society that opened before her. I remember the impression which her face and appearance made on Lady Palmerston at their first meeting; how the elder lady professed to think that it was impossible the younger could be the Bishop of London's wife, but must be some young relation whom I had under my care. She certainly was a favourite wherever she went, from some quiet indescribable charm. She neither sought society nor avoided it; she enjoyed it, when it came in her way, quietly and calmly, and consistently with all the claims of important duty which were ever present to her mind.

I feel disposed to leave to some other hand the description of the garden parties at Fulham, in which, for several Saturdays every summer, she received her friends. Suffice it to say, that they reflected her own mind and taste. The habitual frequenters of such gatherings elsewhere used to note that she made them something very different from an ordinary London party. Persons who never met elsewhere met on the Fulham lawn as common ground. There was always a large infusion of the clerical element, and men and women tired with the routine of London gaieties were not sorry to spend a quiet afternoon in that peaceful garden, under the old trees on the river-side, in a place full of old associations, and there to meet clergy, statesmen, literary men, and most of the labourers in the various works of charity in which my wife delighted. One element was never wanting,—a large concourse of joyous children, who came with their parents to revel on the lawn, and ride the two or three old ponies which she always caused to be trotted out for their amusement. The place is singularly suited for such gatherings,

which, once begun, are continued there to this day. There is something almost marvellous in the sudden transition from the dust and noise and hurry of the roads of suburban London, into that calm, peaceful shade, the moment you turn up the old elm avenue leading to the court-yard which Bishop Fitz-James erected in the time of Henry VII. These parties were of course, not gathered together without an immense amount of labour on her part. At times, both at Fulham and at Lambeth, I have heard her say that the necessary trouble of preparation was almost too much; but I can testify that she never allowed it to interfere with the due performance of any one other duty.

It is difficult to select the works of charity in which she was most interested during our early days in London. Like myself, in my work which came before the complete organisation of the Diocesan Home Mission and the Bishop of London's Fund, she seemed to be feeling her way amongst the various efforts she was called to encourage. Gradually, however, her energies became concentrated on one or two more definite fields of action. I remember distinctly her awakening me one night in our room in London House, and unfolding the scheme of the Ladies' Diocesan Association, which had become impressed upon her mind; and she quickly set herself to work to have the scheme matured. I must leave to others to describe the labour for which the maturing of her conception called. Her idea was, that the great number of ladies who, in London, are anxious to do distinct work for Christ beyond the limits of their own families—in workhouse visitation, and in hospitals, and in ministering to the wants of the poor in their own houses—might have their

efforts better systematised if they met together in one centre under their Diocesan. Many, of course, might prefer to work apart, each in their own parishes, and under their own pastors; but any wide acquaintance with the state of London shows that there are many districts in which ladies, capable of so working, are not to be found. Almost the worst growing evil of the Metropolis is the local separation between the abodes of the rich and the poor. She thought that the super-abundant energy of one district might, by such a union as she proposed, be better made available to assist the overburdened clergy in districts where they had to work almost single-handed. She knew also that such a union, under the Bishop, might more effectually gain entrance for Christian visitation and kindly sympathetic influences into some of the workhouses and hospitals, in which a shrinking from such assistance had hitherto been manifested by the authorities. This union, therefore, was organised by her efforts. A chaplain was appointed to collect offers of work, and point out spheres for working. Periodical meetings were held at London House for mutual counsel and for prayer, and once a year the associates gathered to receive the Holy Communion, and to be addressed by the Bishop. A blessing, I think, has descended on this effort, and my successor in the See of London, and his family, have shown their appreciation of it by continuing it to this day.

THE year 1866 is memorable in the history of her efforts. In the spring I had a serious illness, after ten years' work in London. I passed Easter

Week in bed, and when I was able to get about, we were sent for the remainder of April and for all the month of May to the neighbourhood of Hastings. They were weeks of quiet and great enjoyment, which she and I and our children spent in the house we hired at Fairlight, enjoying the coming on of summer with thankfulness for my returning strength. By the beginning of June we settled to our work as usual at Fulham, and all things looked bright. Very soon rumours reached us of an expected visitation of the cholera, and as the summer advanced it became too apparent that London was to be severely tried. Our annual gathering of the clergy took place in the garden at Fulham, and the general subject of conversation was the expected pestilence. At the close of our garden-party all assembled around the great cedar-tree to the north of the Porteus Library, and there took counsel as to the steps necessary in case our fears were realised. Soon afterwards the state of things in the east of London became very bad indeed; the whole district which had any connexion with the river Lea was infected. I summoned a meeting of the clergy of Bethnal Green, Stepney, and Spitalfields, and we endeavoured to make arrangements which might aid the sanitary authorities. From that time my dear wife accompanied me regularly in the visits which I made to the infected districts. She felt that others might naturally hang back if she in her prominent position were afraid. She knew that her voluntary presence in the hospitals would give courage and endurance to those who could not escape from the responsibility of ministering to the sick, and that personal knowledge of the danger and its details would enable both her and me better to appeal for help, and assist in the organisation of efficient remedies. I can

see her now standing in one of the large wards of the hospital for Wapping and St. George's-in-the-East, quietly soothing the sufferers, while one poor little girl seemed to be seized with the last agonies, and the Rev. C. F. Lowder, who attended us, stepped quietly to the bed of the poor patient, and gave her such help as, by God's blessing, resulted in her final recovery. I can see her in the well-ordered hospital extemporised by Miss Sellon, near Shoreditch, encouraging the sisters who had ventured their lives from the pure air of Ascot into that infected district; and in the Middlesex Hospital, where other well-known ladies had undertaken to assist the permanent staff. I remember the real danger to which I thought she was exposed near Ratcliff Highway, when, unexpectedly, she was summoned to try and guide the somewhat irregular efforts of the clergymen of the parish to distribute relief amongst a miscellaneous crowd of those whose families were suffering from the plague. I remember also how, when the evil began to abate, she helped Miss Twining, by her support and advice, in the temporary building secured for convalescents on a spot south of the Thames.

This visitation of the cholera led to the crowning labour of her life. Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Marsh, and herself—the 'three Catharines,' as some newspaper called them,—had each of them her spirit stirred to undertake the charge of some of those many orphans whom the cholera left destitute; and institutions, still vigorously at work, were the result. Mrs. Gladstone, I believe, undertook to provide for the boys. My wife hired a house at Fulham for the girls, and, by the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster and the sisters of their 'Home,' soon established St. Peter's Orphanage, which has continued growing ever since. It cannot be doubted

that the ever-present thought of her own children whom she had lost was an incentive to her care for these destitute little girls. The following sketch, anticipating the future growth of her work, will best explain what have been the results of this laborious effort:—

The Fulham Orphanage contained thirty girls. It was distant from the Palace about five minutes' walk. When we were at home there was constant communication between her and the inmates. She visited them almost every day. On Sundays the children would come and have a Scripture lesson; and she would read to them the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or some such book in the great hall or on the lawn. From time to time they attended the services of the Palace Chapel, and no sound could be more pleasant than that of the hymns and carols with which, standing in the frosty garden, they would waken us on Christmas morning. The Orphanage remained at Fulham for about five years. But as soon as we ourselves were called away by my translation, she resolved that it should be moved and made available for my new as well as my old diocese. At first she had been making arrangements to have a permanent building erected on the Fulham Episcopal estate, but feeling how much depended for its growth and welfare in its early years on her personal superintendence, she determined as soon as possible to move the Orphanage near one or other of our new residences. Lambeth and Addington were both thought of. But it so happened that about this time I was enabled by the bequest of a relation to purchase a private and more permanent home for my family in the Isle of Thanet. Here she arranged with me in 1869 to secure in perpetuity two acres of ground on one of the most healthy sites in England; and in course of time she caused a

handsome building to be erected, capable of receiving eighty children. By great exertions, and the kind assistance of many friends, she was able to defray the whole expenses of the erection and complete furnishing of this building; and soon afterwards went on to add a Convalescent Home for the reception of women and children in need of sea air. The whole expense of the building for this institution also was paid through her exertions before the second house was opened. During all the weeks which each year she spent in our house on the Isle of Thanet, the Orphan and Convalescent Homes were her constant care. Aided for many years by the sisters of St. Peter's, Kilburn, and at last, on their retiring, by an experienced lady of her own selection, from the diocese of Winchester, she superintended personally, or by writing, all the most important arrangements connected with the Homes, and when she was living in Thanet she visited them daily. The children were taught by a thoroughly competent certificated schoolmistress, and the lady superintendent was aided by other ladies resident in the Home. The clergy of St. Peter's and the two medical men of Broadstairs gave her their kind assistance in the work of both Homes. The distance from our house is but a few minutes' walk, and the same sort of communication was kept up here as at Fulham. Besides the ordinary school instruction, she took care that the girls as they grew older should be trained in the duties of domestic service; one of the original Fulham girls has become a nurse in St. Thomas's Hospital, and two are preparing to be schoolmistresses. Her great endeavour was, when they left the Home, to see that they began life in suitable situations, and that they should be watched over afterwards, and the numbers were such as to

render this easy of accomplishment. She herself and her daughters, as well as the ladies resident in the Home, kept up an intimacy by correspondence and otherwise with the girls who were sent forth each year. She knew, indeed, that her own motherly care could not continue always, and took steps to give permanence to the 'Homes,' after her own day. Thus she secured the concurrence of a body of trustees; she placed the Orphan School under Government inspection; and her own words will well explain the scheme by which she sought to secure for each orphan child some permanent friend to take in some measure the place of a parent. As there never was absent from her own mind the sense of the motherly duty which devolved upon her towards the children, she endeavoured to stamp the same on the Institution in what it is hoped will be enduring characters. The following are the words in which, in her report for 1877, she explains her plan:—'In respect to orphans Mrs. Tait is desirous to continue the system which has been successfully adopted since the commencement of the Institution, under which ladies or children of the higher classes undertake to watch over and care for individual orphans, and during the child's residence at the Home to provide or raise a sum of £12 to £15 a year for her maintenance. Such assistants to be termed Children's Associates; an associate to undertake, by personal interview or by correspondence, to become acquainted with the orphan, to be interested in her during her residence at the Home, and endeavour to watch over and befriend her, if occasion require it, in after-life; so that each child may feel that she has a friend and adviser interested in her future prospects, and taking, in some degree, the place of the parent she has lost. Mrs. Tait will be very thankful to any ladies,

or their children, who will come forward and help in this way, and who will apply for orphans to be assigned to them.'

In the Convalescent Home every endeavour was made to minister effectually both to the souls and bodies of the patients, and she desired the two institutions to be united, so that the permanence of the Orphanage might secure the permanence of the Convalescent Home also. Funds were never wanting while she lived, and there seems every hope from the acknowledged usefulness of both institutions that they will not fail after her day.

And here it seems natural to ask, What was the secret spring by which this ever active life was sustained and directed? God had indeed conferred on her the charm of beauty, by which a woman, when she views it as a gift from above, goes forth with a great advantage to win her way in His service. He had also given her a gracious manner, certainly in her case a gift from Him, for it was only the outward expression of the kindly graces He had planted in her soul. Moreover, she was by God's Providence placed in outward circumstances which called forth all her powers, and gave full room for their development. She had also a good understanding, began early to cultivate her mind, and never ceased through all her life to continue her education, strengthening her mind by reading. She learned also in her varied experience to accommodate herself to circumstances, and if she could not do all she wished, to work hard in doing what she could. She gained, as life went on, a great acquaintance with men and women of all ranks, and made allowance for their peculiarities, using a fine tact in all her intercourse without ever sacrificing principle. To all this was added the per-

severance of a settled purpose and indomitable will. But these gifts, great as they are, could not make her what she was. The real key to her character is to be found in the depth of her Christian life. She was, above all things, given to prayer. From her earliest years she prayed habitually and constantly for guidance; secretly and in public she was ever seeking strength through prayer. Hence the charm to her of the daily services of the Church, which never became to her a formality, because they were but the outward and appropriate expression of thoughts which were planted in her soul by the Spirit of God. I think one chief attraction to her of the High Church movement was the great variety of books helpful to devotion which the writers of this school have put forth. She used such books freely, having, through God's help, a right discrimination in her own heart and judgment whereby she was able to pass over or put aside what she disapproved of, and to assimilate as it were the wholesome nutriment for the soul, while she rejected what she could not approve. I have reason to believe that in using even Bishop Andrewes's 'Devotions,' which was indeed her companion and help every morning, there were passages which she studiously omitted as not embodying her own view of Scripture truth. She especially prized the suggestions for a wide extension of intercessory prayer through the whole range of the trials of the Christian life, which she found in some of these manuals. Yet the use of them was no substitute for personal unpremeditated prayer, poured forth as the expression of her own and her family's and friends' peculiar wants.

Moreover, she had a deep spiritual acquaintance with Holy Scripture, which she had been taught from her childhood could make her wise unto salvation. She

could repeat much of it, was seldom at a loss to find any passage, and especially she knew the Psalms of David with a remarkable familiarity, with the distinctive characteristics of each. Her knowledge of Scripture helped her prayers, and her prayers her knowledge of Scripture.

Thus braced and trained for God's service herself, she had a remarkable appreciation of all traits of real goodness in others, and though it must be confessed that when she visited Scotland, she showed no appreciation for the worship, or other outward developments, of the Presbyterian Church, and even in Switzerland and Germany always felt a sort of shudder at the bareness of the ecclesiastical arrangements, yet she never talked with a spiritually-minded Christian, of any denomination, without feeling her heart warm towards him and his work. I remember on our first visit to Edinburgh after our marriage, she was present in St. Stephen's Church, and somewhat astonished the worshippers amongst whom she was placed, by kneeling down at the prayer, and standing during the Psalmody. She would quote, in her justification, some saying respecting Roundhead modes of worship, current in the family, as uttered by her uncle, Mr. Wilberforce, when he was coming out of Mr. Jay's chapel at Bath. Yet I remember that on the first Sunday after our great sorrow at Carlisle, when we had taken refuge in a village beyond the Border where there was no Episcopal place of worship, she sought and found consolation in the services of the parish church.

BUT we must return to the time when the Orphanage scheme was first organised at Fulham. This was, as I have said, in the late summer, or beginning of the autumn, of 1866. Before I was first taken ill that year, another work on which her heart was much set had been begun. The old chapel of the Palace of Fulham had, soon after Bishop Porteus's death, been turned into the 'Porteus Library;' Bishop Porteus having left a large collection of books to the See, and a sum of money to provide a suitable apartment for their reception. The old hall had at that time been manufactured into a chapel of a very debased ecclesiastical character. My dear wife felt as I did, that the ministrations for worship, both family and diocesan, necessarily attaching to the chapel of the principal See House of so great a diocese, required some more suitable arrangement. After much deliberation, we determined to erect a new chapel according to designs furnished by Mr. Butterfield, restoring the Hall to its original purpose. I remember the cold snowy day on which we all turned out on the lawn in front of my library windows, and my dear son laid the foundation-stone. The work went on during my first illness and the great visitation of the cholera. We left Fulham at the very end of September, having stayed till London was resuming its usual state of health. I had scarcely arrived in Scotland, when a second and more serious attack of the same illness prostrated me at North Berwick. My dear wife was as ever my sedulous and patient nurse. Though we moved to England in November, and I was able to compose my quadrennial Charge, it was not thought safe for me personally to deliver it. I held the visita-

tion by my chancellor, and forwarded the Charge to the clergy from Brighton, where my doctors advised me to stay till January of 1867. Then again came a happy time of returning strength; and my dear wife had the satisfaction, on the 1st of May 1867, of being present at the opening of our new chapel, which now assumed, in her eyes and mine, the character of a thank-offering for restored health and renewed hopes of usefulness. It was adorned with many gifts from private friends, from the lay officers of the diocese, from Sion College and the Rural Deans, as well as from individual clergy; all seeming glad to testify their sympathy with me and my wife on the completion of this work. I preached the morning sermon, Bishop Wilberforce the sermon in the afternoon. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley) was present, and a large gathering of the Bishops. It was with a very thankful heart that she received them, and many of our other friends, on one of the warmest and most beautiful May-days which the Fulham gardens had ever seen.

It was a special pleasure to her, and greatly added to the interest of this opening, that I was able to carry into effect her long-cherished plan for the erection and consecration of this chapel before London received the visits of the many Bishops from all parts of the world, who gathered to the first Lambeth Conference at the call of Archbishop Longley. I have already mentioned on what intimate terms she lived with all my Episcopal brethren at home. From time to time Bishops from distant colonies had been her guests at Fulham and London House. But now she was to assist me in entertaining the representatives of the whole Anglican Episcopate. She threw herself with her accustomed energy into the duty of the time. Many Bishops from

the United States as well as others stayed with us in our home, and for five consecutive days she received a gathering of some forty at dinner in the newly restored hall, taking a deep pleasure in worshipping with them in the chapel, which seemed to have been prepared for the especial purpose of helping the Archbishop at Lambeth on this first general meeting of Bishops from all branches of our Church.

The chapel has ever since afforded a suitable place of worship on many interesting occasions. For example, my wife gathered her poor neighbours at Fulham to worship there on the annual occasion of the widows' 'treat.' The candidates for ordination here worshipped and were addressed during the Ember weeks. Here were held the annual Communions of the Ladies' Association; and that farewell service at which, on the vacancy of the See of Rochester by Bishop Wigram's death, I bade farewell to those Essex and Kent clergy who had been up to this time included in the diocese of London, and handed them over, as the Act of Parliament directed, to the spiritual care of the new Bishop of Rochester.

We had spent a few weeks of the summer in the lovely country by Windsor Forest, but returned to Fulham in time for the Lambeth gathering of Bishops. I remember as we were journeying back, somewhat in patriarchal fashion, with carriage and cart and riding-horses, and a little pony-carriage, in which I was driving my wife, we were amused at being stopped on the road by the late Queen of Holland, who had been our guest at Fulham two years before, and who on all her visits to England seemed to take a pleasure in keeping up her acquaintance with my dear wife and with me.

The first Lambeth Conference naturally called forth,

from the circumstances of the Church at the time, some discussions of a somewhat stormy kind. There was much difference of opinion in those days between myself and the then Bishop of Cape Town, and her gentle influence presiding when we met at Fulham at the close of each busy day helped much now, as on all previous occasions, to calm the differences which might otherwise have assumed undue proportions. I mention these things to show that in our social and official life she was a real power.

She went with me for a short visit to the Wolverhampton Church Congress, at which the old Bishop of Lichfield, Lonsdale, presided within a few days of his death. And soon, feeling still anxious for my health, she persuaded me to go for six weeks' rest and fine air to the Isle of Thanet. We had visited this neighbourhood twenty years before when I was recovering from my great illness at Rugby; she remembered the beneficial effect of the Thanet air, and was anxious that after the fatigue of the Lambeth Conference, and before the commencement of my winter work in London, I should again be subjected to its strengthening influences. Thus began our intimate connexion with the spot which was to be so much identified with her labours. We returned to Fulham for Christmas, but before Easter 1868, I had, as above explained, become the possessor of the small estate on which a site for the Orphanage was to be found. This home in Thanet was intended as a refuge from the almost overwhelming work and anxieties of the diocese of London. It had been an established and necessary rule that the Bishop of London should escape from his labours and out of his diocese for a considerable vacation every year; without this alleviation, no human constitution could stand the

pressure of the constant work. Hitherto we had wandered in our vacations from one spot to another. It seemed better now, as an opportunity presented itself, to secure a fixed vacation-home to which our children and ourselves might always together turn, and where we might all together carry on our home pursuits without the interruption of seeking a new residence each season. We had no thought then in entering on 1868 that it was to be the last year of our connexion with the See of London, and that the place in which we settled our private home was in the new diocese to which I was so soon to be called. Archbishop Longley was then in his vigour, presiding over the Ritual Commission, of which I was a member, and taking an active part in all public affairs. Whilst journeying through his diocese he came to see us when we were first settling at Stonehouse that Easter. We little thought that by the beginning of November he was to be called away, and I was to be summoned to his place.

It was a very busy session of Parliament; the first brewing of the storm which swept away the connexion of the Church of Ireland with the State was darkening the horizon; there was much excitement, political and ecclesiastical; much public business to be done, both within and without the House of Lords. And the diocese of London never for a day during nine months of the year intermits its overwhelming call upon the strength and energy of its Bishop. No wonder that my dear wife, warned by the experience of the past, was anxious that I should have a complete change, and when the session ended persuaded me to go to Homburg and the Engadine.

WE had not long returned when Archbishop Longley died, and I was called to be his successor. My wife had in 1862 advised me to decline the Archbishopric of York when offered to me under Lord Palmerston's Administration. This was before the organisation of the Bishop of London's Fund; and at that time I was in more vigorous health, and much work in London to which my strength was equal seemed to lie before me. The offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury presented none of the difficulties which must have attended a migration from London to York. To leave Fulham indeed, with all its interests, was a trial. My little daughters were dissolved in tears when they first heard of the change. The new Chapel, the old familiar visits to the Almshouses, and the many kind friends of their childhood—it seemed as if they were to lose them all. But we could not but be thankful that I was to be placed in a position where, though the responsibilities were to be even greater, there was reason to hope that the incessant pressure of personal overwhelming work would be less felt. She accepted the change calmly, and, as usual, in the spirit of prayer, quietly wound up her concerns at Fulham before Christmas, and prepared herself for the duties of her new sphere. Soon followed her first visit to stay with the Queen when I was called to do homage at Osborne. On former occasions she had, indeed, dined at Buckingham Palace, but whenever I was called to Windsor I had been invited alone. Then followed the great ceremonial of my enthronisation at Canterbury, and soon she was plunged in all the social and other duties of Lambeth, the first Archbishop's wife inhabiting the

Palace for twenty years. How well she bore herself in her new sphere all will testify who were brought within her influence. She strove to continue as much as possible at Lambeth, amongst rich and poor, the same sort of occupations to which she had given herself at Fulham and at London House, though now on an extended scale. The country life at Addington was new to her; we had never had a fixed residence in the country since she left the quiet Parsonage at Elmdon. To have a home in that beautiful neighbourhood was a great refreshment as the summer came round. But there was much to be done in Lambeth before then.

This was the year in which the Irish Church was disestablished. There were comings and goings of persons of all degrees and sentiments. Much had to be arranged. Late and present Ministers of State had to be gathered in social intercourse with the Bishops on whom the anticipated blow was about to descend. It was seen that the only hope of mitigating the evil, in the then state of the public mind, was by bringing the antagonistic elements as much as possible to understand each other, in the hope that the inevitable mischief might be lessened. It was at one of her parties that the Primate of Ireland, invited to meet the then Prime Minister, stumbled, entangling his foot in my wife's train as we were going into chapel before dinner, and recovered himself, exclaiming, 'that the best thing he could do was to hang on by the skirts of Canterbury.'

All through this anxious session she was striving to fulfil her part in our new post. On stated days the gardens at Lambeth were filled with visitors, as had been those at Fulham. Even on Sundays she had not much rest, for we tried that year the plan of throwing

the Palace Chapel open, and securing each week some eminent preacher. The result was more than we had anticipated. Canons Liddon and Miller, Dean M'Neile, and suchlike preachers, filled the chapel to overflowing, and both we and our servants found that we had more work than we desired on Sunday. Then Convocation had of course to meet, and she was ever studious to make acquaintance, as far as possible, with all its members. Few but herself could have sanctified this busy and exciting life. Yet for her it was sanctified, and for her, at least, it needed not the stern lesson of the following autumn to impress upon her mind that the calm life of faith is the true life, whatever be the work or excitements to which, in the path of duty, we are called. Lambeth Palace stands in the midst of a dense poor population, in whose welfare she soon became deeply interested. The 'Dole,' which has been given at the Porter's Lodge from time immemorial, supplied a nucleus of our poor neighbours with whom to become acquainted, and she soon made time for visiting the sick and aged. It was ever her desire and practice, at the end of the London season, to have a gathering of our poor Lambeth neighbours for a garden-party of their own, and many of them remember the stories which she would tell them, and how she was ever foremost in leading the hymns which they sang before they went away.

We left London for Addington soon after the passing of the Irish Church Bill, somewhat exhausted by the six months' campaign. But the summer was by no means a time of rest. We stayed for a short time in comparative retirement at Addington. Before the session ended, there was still, indeed, the connexion with London. The Speaker Denison and the Lord Chancellor Hatherley, with their wives, and Lord Stanley

and the Master of Harrow, spent, I remember, a quiet Sunday with us, and other friends came and went. Soon diocesan work put in its claims; we received our Rural Deans, and a gathering of the clergy of the neighbouring Rural Deanery, and I began to hold meetings in various places for the clergy of Kent. In September we had the house full of candidates for ordination; our first Canterbury ordination in Lent had been at Lambeth, our second was at Addington, where there was room enough to gather all the candidates as inmates of our own house. It was not till very late in September that my dear wife felt herself entitled to our month's holiday, and we left for Scotland. I remember the great enjoyment of some quiet days passed alone near Dunkeld. But our friends were naturally anxious that the first Scotch Archbishop of Canterbury should visit them. We went to Keir to meet the Prince and Princess Christian, and passed from one house to another till I was again called to take up my diocesan work in Kent. Hitherto, the change to Canterbury had certainly brought no relaxation of work. At this time the Archbishop had no Suffragan to aid him in his diocese. The Confirmations were pressing. But still all seemed to go on prosperously, and my strength to be equal to my duties. But the bow, it would seem, had been overstrung.

I HAD been to a diocesan meeting at Ashford, and in the evening spoke for one of the Missionary Societies. Next morning I had to hurry to London for the Ecclesiastical Commission, and I think for a meeting of the Charterhouse, then down to the Isle of Thanet by the evening train. Next day was spent quietly at

home, but correspondence was accumulating, and I believe ninety letters had to be superintended and despatched by that post. I was very tired in the evening, but next morning I rose fresh as usual. I remember going into my wife's room, and finding her reading the Bible with the children. I warned them not to work their mother too hard. I remember also looking out of the window on the bright frosty morning, and anticipating a day of comparative rest. I returned to my dressing-room, but I had not finished dressing when I fell prostrate and senseless on the floor. The shock to my dear wife was frightful. For a fortnight I was in bed very weak, though having immediately recovered consciousness. Dear Ramsay and Mary Campbell were with us when I was taken ill, and he, my very earliest and kindest friend, ministered to me and comforted me on my sick-bed. It was remarkable that he and Mary, soon after their marriage, had come to see us when I was lying almost between life and death at Rugby. Little did we think at this time that I should outlive them both, and that he in his widowhood would come to die almost in my arms at Addington three years afterwards, when mourning for his wife and son. So unexpected are the changes of life. Ramsay loved my dear wife, and both he and his wife were loved by her as true friends. All engagements for Confirmations and the like had, of course, to be put off. My life was in great danger; and now, as at Rugby twenty years before, she, as she afterwards told me, stayed herself on the text, which recurred to her mind, 'Who is among you that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' My son was summoned from Oxford, and our most intimate friends gathered round us, as well as the

most skilful and watchful medical attendants. But little could be done except to secure perfect quiet. One of the kind sisters of St. Peter's, Kilburn, came down to nurse me, and was soon joined by our former housekeeper, who had nursed our children at Rugby, and tended them in those sad six weeks at Carlisle, who now did not leave me for three months; and who watched over my son, nine years afterwards, in his last illness, and was with him when he died. He stood by me now in the worst paroxysms of my illness, and soothed me in his arms, while his mother, as before, was ever at my side. We three received the Holy Communion together, when I seemed to be dying, on one of the first most alarming nights. Gradually, by God's mercy, my strength returned. My dear wife, who was always brave, endeavoured to still her anxiety by reverting to her usual interests of work for others. She told me that from day to day, unable to look forward, she felt as she prayed that she could leave all for herself and for me in God's hands, knowing that He would give us what was best.

About a month after my attack came round my birthday, the 21st of December. With a thankful heart for the progress I had made, she determined to mark the day by laying the foundation-stone of the new building for the Orphanage, the site having been chosen some time before. It was a snowy gusty day, but the neighbours kindly assembled to cheer her, and express their sympathy. It was a great pleasure to her that I was able to appear at the window of the drawing-room, and watch them as they formed a little procession on their way to the selected spot.

It was a touching incident, and an earnest of an enduring influence which she exercised ever afterwards,

that Sir Moses Montefiore, then above eighty years of age, came through the inclement weather to express his interest in the work. He could not, of course, as a Jew, join with the worshippers, but from his carriage close at hand he was an attentive listener, and expressed to her afterwards his delight at hearing the Psalms of David chanted as the worshippers assembled on the ground. This may be the proper place to tell how this venerable man never lost his interest in all she did, and especially in the work of the Orphanage. He subscribed to it liberally. He presented to it a bust of myself, and of her as the foundress, and she used to tell how once she found him paying a visit to the Home, gathering all the children round him, giving each of them a silver coin fresh from the Mint, and hearing them repeat one of Dr. Watts's hymns, which he said he had learned as a child to say to his mother.

All the neighbours who had attended the ceremony came with him into the house to express their good wishes for my health. And then my wife was left with her children, and one or two intimate friends, to cheer me during the slow hours of recovery, scarcely daring to look forward beyond each day, and certainly not anticipating that after nine years of work and happiness I should return to this same place mourning that the dear son and wife who had thus watched over me were both gone, and I left.

About a month afterwards, towards the end of January 1870, we all returned to Addington. Here she found abundant occupation. One ordination I was obliged to hold by deputy, availing myself of the kind assistance of my early friend Bishop Anderson. But by this time it had been settled that I should have a Suffragan, and the Queen had approved of the appoint-

ment of Archdeacon Parry to be Bishop of Dover. I can scarcely conceive that any Archbishop of Canterbury can dispense with such aid in future. My wife made all the arrangements for the consecration in Lambeth Chapel. I was not allowed myself to attend, but she reported to me how all had prospered, and the tenor of the encouraging sermon which Dean Alford preached. I was now recovering, and able to transact all business which did not require the exertion of any sustained public effort. It was at this time that we together received one forenoon the Archbishop Lycurgus, of Syros and Tenos. I was still too weak to be allowed to see much of him, but my wife made every arrangement for the entertainment of him and his friends. I remember the gratitude with which she was able to report favourably of my progress when the Queen—continuing the kindness which had led her Majesty to write to her in terms of sincerest sympathy when I was taken ill—invited her to dine at Buckingham Palace, that she might personally give intelligence respecting my state of health. As the spring advanced we were continually together, enjoying long drives and frequent walks, and visiting the parishes and churches in the neighbourhood of Addington. Friends came to visit us, and she found time for all her ordinary occupations. Especially she worked hard for the loved Orphanage. She did not hesitate to have a great gathering in Lambeth Chapel of all interested in it, though I was not allowed to be present. Bishop Wilberforce preached at this service, and the work, as was to be expected, prospered under his advocacy. This year, indeed, of great domestic anxiety, was as fruitful as any other of her life in accomplished work. It was with a thankful heart that we all returned to the Isle of Thanet in May,

and found the buildings of the Orphanage making good progress.

Perhaps the one most marked feature in her character, shown as much in time of absorbing home-anxiety as when her mind was free, was the utter absence of all selfishness. The maid who was her personal attendant for upwards of fifteen years, has said since her death that she could not help remonstrating with her sometimes for never thinking of herself. Her husband and her children were her first care; but she always, even in the most anxious times, made full leisure to think of others beyond. She seemed to hold that it was the first characteristic of a Christian to look out of self. But, indeed, she did this, not as a duty, but because, from nature or from grace, she could not help doing so. It seemed as if it would have made her positively unhappy that God should have bestowed on her so many common worldly blessings unless she had been able to share them with all who were brought within her influence. Every member of her family, and of mine, will testify to this unselfish desire to make them happy if in any way she could. At Rugby, enjoying abundant means beyond our reasonable needs—at Carlisle, in easy circumstances—at Fulham and Lambeth, having the command and distribution of large revenues, she ever exercised a vigilant control over our expenditure, never grudging what was spent on others, but most abstemious in all that concerned herself. Always careful as she was to dress as became her station, I never knew her spend anything beyond the most necessary sums on personal ornament. This unselfishness showed itself in little as in great matters. It was curious to note how every day she never could rest satisfied till she was able to make arrangements for the

enjoyment of every friend who was living in our house. At Christmas and suchlike times, she had no greater pleasure in the selection of her society than in opening her house to those who might otherwise have felt desolate.

Thus there was no one amongst her large acquaintance who did not know that in her kindly nature they would find sympathy and help whensoever it was needed. Yet the fire of love burned most brightly in her heart for the circle of home. And never did she exert herself more unremittingly to make her home cheerful, than in the anxious time which succeeded the illness I have above described. She came with me to stay at Lambeth for a short time in the summer of 1870, when my strength had returned. I can well note the time, for she went with me to the House of Lords, and we have often recalled together the anxious faces of the Prime Minister and two of his colleagues, when we exchanged greetings with them in one of the lobbies, while they were discussing the news which had just arrived of the first outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. She encouraged me quietly to return to my ordinary occupations.

After a short time of Lambeth, we went again to Addington, and by the time of the summer ordination I was able to address the candidates, and conduct the ordination in Croydon Church. She called pleasant guests around us, and tried to keep up as many interests as possible. The young Rajah of Kolapore came down, and we drove him through our woods. The German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, and his wife and son and daughter, paid us a visit of some days in the most critical period of the war; and it was a matter of curious interest to us to pay a visit, on a very

memorable occasion, at the house at Chislehurst, which was now tenanted by the Empress of the French. Some of the leading clergy of the diocese stayed with us at Addington; and in October she accompanied me to Canterbury that she might watch over me when called to speak, for the first time after my illness, at a great meeting held on the subject of the new Education Act. It was still under her watchful care that I was soon afterwards encouraged to take my seat on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and help to decide the intricate and distressing case of Mr. Voysey.

Soon she was to be subjected to what appeared to her at first a fresh great trial. In vain she pleaded with the doctors that we were in possession of three as good houses as could be found in England, and that home was better than any other place. Sir W. Gull was inexorable, insisting that the winter must be passed away from the cold of England. As soon as this was decided, she set herself, as a duty, to make the best of our enforced exile, and herself superintended all steps required to make our journey through Europe easy in the anxious time of the still raging war. We started a very large party, sixteen in all, including children, chaplain, and my sister Lady Wake, with her daughter. Our destination was the Riviera, but it was impossible to take the route through France. The interest of the journey was great to her, and to us all. From time to time, as we passed through Germany, we came upon traces of the war,—French prisoners defiling before our hotel, an enormous train full of wounded returning to their homes, the hospital of Stuttgart, in which we found poor fellows, shot down at Gravelotte and elsewhere.

My wife as usual threw herself as heartily as the youngest into the interest of all that was to be seen and done. It was an enjoyment to her when she induced me to visit and have a long conversation with Marshal Canrobert, detained on his parole at our hotel; and no one was more ready than she to visit with enthusiasm the sights which came in our way at Munich, Innsbruck, Verona, Venice, Milan, and Genoa. I remember as we entered Italy by the Brenner, and spent the night at Botzen, how her sympathy was called forth by the crowd of peasants, who, on a week-day, poured into their parish church at the sound of the evening bell. It took us between a fortnight and three weeks to reach our destination at San Remo,—an anxious time for the mother, in charge of so large a family, with a husband whom she thought herself bound to save from all trouble and unnecessary exertion.

There was a great interruption, during the winter that followed, of all those pursuits which most engrossed her attention at home; but she was quite ready with the spirit of her early youth to employ this enforced leisure for acquiring information, and storing her mind with fresh ideas and views of life, which might not have been impressed on her in the routine of home. She read books which bore on the scenes and the people in the midst of which she was thrown, and there was the daily great interest of the fluctuation of the war. We were, indeed, in a peaceful corner, but many of the people amongst whom we lived, especially at Mentone, had left their homes and dearest interests in Paris or in other spots where the miseries of war were at their height. Her ardent nature could not comprehend the real or assumed indifference which some of those who lived with us in the same hotel

showed in this very crisis of their country's fortune. I should have thought that their way of talking as to the miseries of besieged Paris was assumed, had it not been that when the elections for the Chamber came on, which were to decide the future fate of France, they would not, as we were informed, take the trouble of walking across the street to record their votes, as they were entitled to do in whatever place in France they were sojourning. The only Frenchman who, at Mentone, won her regard as a lover of his country was a poor peasant whom we met one day in a long walk among the hills. He stopped us, and asked, 'What news from Paris?' We answered, 'The Prussians, we are told by to-day's paper, are entering the town. It has capitulated.' The old man fell on the ground as if he had been shot, and would not believe that such disgrace had come. He had served in the time of Charles X., and was now living by cultivating a few acres among the olives.

Certainly the people did not show to great advantage as Frenchmen along this coast. Perhaps some of them scarcely looked upon themselves as fully incorporated with France. The changing of all the signs from 'Imperial' to 'National,' within a few weeks, was a sort of index of the fickleness of their patriotic affections. On one particular sign 'Impéri' was effaced, and a blank left to fill up with 'Nation' or 'Roy,' as the case might be, and this probably afforded a true exposition of the popular mind. Certainly such views of public feeling were not acceptable to a genuine patriotic English spirit.

Of course, living for several months in a Roman Catholic country, it was natural for us all to try to form some judgment in comparing the Church of the land in

which we were sojourning with our own. But every one knows how difficult it is for strangers, in a passing visit, to form opinions on the religious state of those with whom they can have but little intercourse. My wife accompanied me up the beautiful road which leads inland from Mentone, when I went to pay a visit to the priest of the little village clustering among the rocks. We stayed with him some time in his humble cottage, but beyond what we gleaned from the impression of his general quiet and kindly demeanour, and the interest with which he spoke of once having visited Rome, could form but little estimate of his character; and nothing very definite could be gained from the casual salutations exchanged with the priests we met, or even from that longer conversation, in which she took great interest, which we one day held in our hotel with the Archbishop of Algiers. Her prepossessions were certainly all against the march of Liberalism. While we were at San Remo, before crossing the French border, she quite bridled up with indignation at the sight of the many convents which the Italian Government had secularised, and was disposed to treat with reverence the poor friars and monks, who were earning a scanty pittance where once they must have been, from their numbers, almost supreme. I do not think she liked seeing a well-conducted Government school, which we went to visit, established in the vacant rooms of one of these convents. But though her chivalry and Church instincts led her thus far, certainly her visits at Christmas and Easter time to the churches at San Remo and Cannes did not impress her favourably. The laborious and somewhat tawdry decoration representing the stable and the manger, and the exhibition of the open rock-hewn grave, to which the simple peasantry flocked as to

a show, and the strange mixture of a common secular fair and all its vulgar accompaniments with a not very reverent celebration of the mass on a festival day at Cimiès, made her very thankful for the simple ritual of the Church of England, and its earnest appeals to the highest religious instincts, through the reason and the conscience, without giving too prominent a place to mere imagination and fancy. While we were at Cannes, her days, as at Rugby of old, were solemnised by the daily service in the Church, as well as by family prayer.

It was not till we settled at Cannes, before the beginning of Lent, that a sort of home-feeling came over the party. Hotel life is somewhat trying, but at Cannes, the kindness of the present Lord Brougham placed at our disposal the charming Villa Eleanore, which his famous brother had erected as a refuge for the failing health of an only child; it bore her name, and was full of touching memorials of her father's love. In the charming rooms and in the garden of this villa we became domesticated. The returning spring, with its luxuriance of flowers, tempted us to long drives towards the Estrelle, or inland among the villages and gardens and fields of roses and the olive woods. My dear wife would read to me while we were driving, and there was abundant time for pleasant study, of which she never failed to avail herself. Thanks to my good chaplain and commissary, now Bishop of Gibraltar, whom I had left in charge at Lambeth, the number of business letters which reached us was not very great. I was able, indeed, to give my nephew and domestic chaplain, who accompanied us, a month's holiday, which he, with my son, spent in visiting Naples and Rome. The day of their return was a joyful one. It had been a great

pleasure and support to my wife to have her son by her side during the first weeks of our sojourning, excused from the winter term at Christ Church. He was here, as ever, her counsellor and friend. It was a trial, soon after his return from Italy, to send him back for the summer term on the lonely journey by Marseilles. I remember his mother and our whole party, from the grounds of an old château, watching his train as it hurried past us towards the Estrelle, and catching a glimpse of his features as he waved to us his handkerchief—fit emblem of another parting seven years afterwards, sad, but not less brightened than this by the hopes of meeting again.

Our pleasant family party in the villa, with our children, my sister and niece, spent the days usefully and pleasantly. But my wife, now as ever, was anxious that our enjoyment of this life should be shared by others. Even in the hotel at San Remo, when her anxiety was greatest as to the uncertainty of the climate agreeing with me, she and my sister—like-minded with herself—had thought it wrong to let the Christmas and New Year pass without doing something which should cheer the invalids in our hotel, and they arranged a little festivity with tableaux, to which all were invited. And now she thought it a shame that the drawing-room and gardens of the Villa Eleanore should not contribute to the enjoyment of all, so she began weekly gatherings, resembling, on a small scale, those at Fulham and Lambeth, never so happy as when sharing with others the good things God gave to her and her family. Thus the time passed quietly, and she had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing my health and capacity for work greatly restored. But her anxieties were not over. It *had* been difficult to reach Cannes during the war, and

it was not less difficult to return. The route by Paris certainly presented no attractions for an Archbishop and his family, for the Commune was in possession, and Monseigneur Darboy was in the hands of the insurgents. We had nearly resolved to return by Marseilles, and from thence through Switzerland, when a lady, whose husband we knew at Mentone, gave the following report of her adventures by that route:—She was quietly sitting in the hotel at Marseilles, when the landlord entered and said, 'Madame, the town is in insurrection; you have two courses open to you,—either hide in the cellar, or make the best of your way to the railway station, and be off.' She chose the latter alternative, found the railway station surrounded by soldiers who had gathered there to shoot the insurgents whom they had captured, and condemned by drum-head court-martial. The executions were going on; nevertheless she was fortunate enough to catch her train and reach Lyons. There she breathed freely, and anticipated some rest. But again when she was seated in her hotel, and endeavouring to recover her self-possession, the waiter confidentially approached her: 'Perhaps Madame is not aware that one-half of this hotel is turned into a small-pox hospital; we have just received here and at the station the remnant of Bourbaki's routed army.' It is scarcely necessary to mention that she started by the next train, and felt truly thankful when, hurrying through Switzerland, she reached the German frontier, and left France and its troubles fairly behind her.—With this story before us, it will readily be believed we were not much disposed to follow in her route; we were still fourteen in number, and some of us not prepared for such rapid locomotion as this lady had found necessary. There was nothing for it but to retrace our

steps through the north of Italy and over the Brenner. And again the journey, which gave us several delightful days at Milan, and amid the Italian lakes in all the brightness of the early May, was full of interest. We reached Dover on the eve of Ascension Day, 17th May 1871, an eve destined seven years afterwards to be very memorable for my wife and me and all of us.

Friends had come to Dover to welcome us. Gladly we received the Holy Communion in St. Mary's Church next morning. It was that day that my wife and I visited William Sewell, who had examined me and been my early patron at Oxford, and whose many works some twenty years before she had read with enthusiasm, when he was a prominent figure in the then Oxford movement. The old man, prematurely old, worn by long-continued illness, was cheered by her kindly presence. Next day I celebrated the marriage of my niece at Folkestone, and soon, to the joy of all of us, with thankful hearts, we found ourselves at Stonehouse, where I was able to take my part in the Confirmations at Ramsgate and Margate, and where we received a gathering of the clergy to welcome us on our return. The country we had left was still racked in the convulsions which the war had caused. There had been the murder of the Archbishop and the other hostages in Paris, and the news came to us in our quiet home that the city was being burnt by the followers of the Commune. A few peaceful days at Addington, in the full enjoyment of the first burst of the rhododendrons, sent us on to our accustomed work at Lambeth, my dear wife's heart full to overflowing with gratitude to God. It was not long before she accompanied me to the House of Lords when I resumed my active work, and I spoke at

considerable length on a Bill for the Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts.

SHE now returned to all her interrupted work, and the Orphanage was her first care—a care indeed, at this crisis of its history, for she found that in her absence, through some mistake, the cost of the building and furnishing had crept up to nearly double the sum she had anticipated, and for the payment of which she had provided. Most people would have been, under such circumstances, in despair; but she was not a woman to be daunted. She wasted no time in vain complaints; it was difficult to say whether any one was in fault,—there had been some mistake, and she set herself at once to rectify it. She rallied round her, as by magic, a circle of liberal and wealthy friends, George Moore among the chief; the rest are still living. He used to say that though he did not always approve of her plans, he never could resist her. One meeting was enough: the money wanting was advanced, and she had the satisfaction soon afterwards of collecting enough to repay all debts, and of completely clearing the institution of its heavy liabilities.

It was on St. James's Day 1871 that our eldest daughter was confirmed by me in Lambeth Chapel. And now all things flowed on in their ordinary course for the next six years. My dear wife's occupations, domestic, social, and charitable, were much the same as they had been in the diocese of London. According to the grace given to her, she did her work as to the Lord, without any ostentation,—giving of her abundance with cheerfulness; ruling her house with diligence; charitable and cheerful; abhorring that which was evil;

cleaving to that which was good; kindly affectioned in sisterly love; preferring others to herself; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in all trials; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessities of those in need; given to hospitality; blessing by her gracious words and demeanour; rejoicing with them that rejoiced, and weeping with them that wept; not minding high things; accessible and kind to those of low estate; never recompensing evil for evil; providing things honest in the sight of all men. Her daughters grew up under her eyes; the youngest was confirmed in 1875. The years passed happily at Lambeth, Addington, and Stonehouse, and were diversified by annual visits to Scotland; on one occasion there was a tour in Switzerland.

MEANWHILE the dear son, from his birth the object of so tender an affection, grew to mature manhood. Before my illness in 1869, he had been the most joyous of Eton schoolboys—loved by a large circle of his coevals, and liked by his masters,—more intent perhaps on the sports than on the studies of his school. But with his entrance on his life at Christ Church, and the family anxiety which followed soon afterwards, his character seemed to ripen. His intellectual energies especially were called out. When we went to visit him at College we found that he was studying hard; and none of the interruptions which followed prevented his steady attention to his appointed work. The dear fellow, from his childhood onwards, had always thought lowly of himself, and it had been my endeavour to make him form a true estimate of his really good abilities.

In conduct he was irreproachable, and never gave us an hour's real anxiety. But we could scarcely help judging of his intellectual calibre by his own humble estimate. His winning manner always attracted friends; children loved him. No one was more popular at school and College, and amid his widely extended relations. With elder people his true modesty conciliated regard. It was a pleasure to us to know how many of his seniors at Oxford, to whom I took care that he was introduced, looked on him with kindly interest. I know how much he prized the friendship of such men as Mr. Coxe of the Bodleian, and how he valued their advice. The life which he deliberately chose at Christ Church, shunning all approach to dissipation and frivolity, and seeking chiefly the society of those whom he could respect, was blessed both for his moral and intellectual development. At times, it seems hard to call to mind how all the various influences, which by God's blessing were thus brought to bear upon him, served but to form a life which was cut short before it could show in any extended sphere the blessings of the training it had received; but this regret is foolish, for God thus trained him for a higher life above, in which all qualities, social, moral, and intellectual, must have their perfect development. Thus his mind grew. But as at home he showed that his interest in the amusements of his age was as great as ever, delighting as he did in riding and shooting, ready as he was to join in cricket and in tennis, we scarcely were prepared for the change that was going on; and it certainly took us all by surprise when in July of 1872 the joyful news reached Lambeth that, at his B.A. examination, he had been placed by the examiners in the first class of the Law and History school.

The work which led to this success now necessitated relaxation. We were not therefore surprised that he could not settle at once again to study, and we had no reason to be disappointed when he failed to be successful at the election for All Souls in November. How he had made his mark in Oxford may be judged from the terms in which he was spoken of when he was a candidate for this fellowship. He had now become the trusted companion both of his father and his mother. And when before the beginning of 1873 he resolved to put into effect the long-cherished intention of a visit to the East, we all felt that the necessary absence of more than seven months caused a great blank in our home lives. What this journey was to him while it lasted others may tell, but no one could converse with him, or listen to his teaching afterwards, without seeing that he had well used this time for forwarding his education as a clergyman. Egypt, the Nile, the Desert of Sinai, Petra, Jerusalem, the land of Moab, Lebanon, Damascus, and the hurried visits to Athens, Constantinople, and the Danube—these all left their mark on his remaining years. Who can forget the family rejoicing on his return, when landing from a steamer at Lambeth-stairs he walked into the well-known corridor? Sweet memories, auguring, we trust, some future meeting even more joyous! And now he stayed with us quietly at home, though events which deeply marked all the rest of his brief life were hastening on. He settled down to read for his ordination, and in Lent 1874 he was ordained by the Bishop of Dover in the Parish Church of Kennington (I being confined to bed by a very severe cold), and he entered on parish work at Saltwood, near Folkestone, under Canon Knollys.

Some take a gloomy view respecting the younger

clergy of our Church, judging from a few specimens that they may be classed under the two heads of priestlings and semi-sceptics. When I hear such complaints I have ever present with me the image of a young man entering on the duties of his ministry with all the ardour of a well-spent youth; pure, gentle, loving, and beloved; growing from his earliest years under the shadow of the Church; with every advantage of education and social position; endowed by God with good abilities; using all for his Master's service; mixing in society which became his station, but never amid the calls of society forgetting his heavenly calling. Such a young clergyman was my dear son. Trained from childhood in the fear of God by his mother, ever bearing on his heart the impression of that heavy calamity which had desolated his home at Carlisle in his seventh year, and had taken from him in six weeks the five sisters who were his playmates, he had passed safely through the trials of Eton, of Christ Church, and of foreign travel, and now he began his work as a village pastor, full of Christian kindness of heart, greatly beloved and respected, inspiring all his friends with bright hopes for his future. He was called away early, but not before he had done somewhat, through the influence he exercised on the wide circle of his friends and relatives, to recommend a manly, simple form of Church of England Christianity, thoroughly genuine in its attachment to the great truths of the Gospel, yet ready to welcome every improvement in the Church's system which the growing knowledge and experience of the age he lived in could add to the stores of wise teaching bequeathed from old days.

He had, indeed, exceptional advantages in his training for the Ministry, through the post in the Church to which it had pleased God to call me while he was yet a

child. But these advantages brought also with them, it must be remembered, their own peculiar temptations, so that, on the whole, perhaps he was not more highly favoured in the preparation for his life's work than a thousand others, and I am confident there were amongst his contemporaries many who were like-minded with him, who are, thank God, still living to be the salt of the Church in which they minister. He used playfully to say that they would form a school 'more Low Church than my mother, more High Church than my father,' broad in its sympathies with Christian goodness in all forms, ready to learn whatever new could be taught them provided it were true, not forgetful of reverence for what was old. Such a school with Professor Lightfoot for its head, and Bishop Fraser of Manchester as its model of work for the masses, and Maclagan as its model parish pastor, was his dream for the Church of the future. Surely there are many others who will help to bring to fulfilment on earth this ideal of one who has passed early into a purer and higher form of the Church glorified by Christ's immediate and visible presence. The furtherance in some degree of his Master's work on earth according to this ideal may be the footprint on the sands of time which his dear life has left, though his genuine and almost faulty humility always made him declare almost passionately that he denied altogether the truth of Longfellow's assurance, that it could be given to such as he to leave any such footprints.

And here let me picture something of the influence of a young clergyman who has finished his University course with credit, his mind well stored with what he has read, and his reading supplemented with some knowledge of the world, bringing to his work in a coun-

try village at once the devotion of an earnest Christian spirit and the refinement of his early training. He occupies, say, as my son did, a small lodging in the village street, his house not distinguishable outside from the abodes of his poor neighbours, unless there be a bright flower or two more carefully cultivated than is common in the patch of ground which separates his front-door from the street. You go into the little low-roofed parlour, which corresponds on the left of the entrance with the kitchen on the right. At once you observe that there is something very different here from what you expect to find in such a cottage—a well-filled bookcase of carefully-bound books, bearing many of them perhaps the names of Eton friends from whom they are presents; a few ornaments in good taste, transported from College rooms; good prints hanging on the walls—the whole personal arrangements of the lodger contrasting with the old cottage furniture still left in the rooms by the landlady, whose kindly regard he has completely won, and whose pride and care it is to minister to his comfort. You are soon made conscious that from this humble lodging in the village street there goes forth amongst the labourers and mechanics and poor washerwomen, who live in houses of similar proportions, the same sort of civilising influence which has its chief seat in the adjoining Rectory, and in many country parishes, also, thank God, in the more distant Hall. The inner life of the curate's lodging is sanctified by prayer, not private only, but with the small household. He is but a lodger, and yet he calls together the landlady and her maid-servant, and his groom-boy, that they may worship and read together as members of a Christian family. I am speaking of things as they ought to be, and very often are, in the

Established Church of England, and as I know they were in Saltwood in my son's time. The young curate in the vigour of his strength, as a son with a father, works with the rector. Late in the evening he goes out from his comfortable fireside to hold services and give instruction for those who are not accessible to the ordinary ministrations of the Church. As he has also undertaken the charge of those who live in a thickly-populated poor district of a neighbouring town on the outskirts of the parish, he must minister in their school-room, at a distance from their parish church. The morning finds him attending the daily service or visiting the school. He has the zeal of youth, and apparently as yet the strength of youth, and both are sanctified by an earnest faith in the Unseen, and in supernatural helps at hand to supply the defects of his personal weakness.

The kindliness of his manners, the reflection of the gentle spirit within, win for him respect even in the roughest homes of the village; his presence is hailed at the sick-bed and by the chair of dozing age, and the little children like to look at him. What other profession opens such a field for a young Englishman of religious mind? What blessings may the young pastor receive in his own soul towards the deepening of every good element in his character from the atmosphere of hearty Christian sympathy with his fellows which he habitually breathes?

The young men he especially gathers round him. He recognises in the labouring lads the same elements of good and evil, the same temptations to vice, and the same inducements to resist it, which made up the struggle of the lives of his own coevals at school and College; and he feels himself able to aid them by his

experience, ever ready to be their guide, and not keeping coldly away from their amusements.

But this busy life of outward activity does not engross him. He has few temptations to squander his time in the frivolities of society, and therefore, though with difficulty, he finds leisure for study—his study of God's Word and of books which help to the understanding of it, quickened by the sense that he has each week to prepare a public address which demands methodical arrangement of his thoughts, and efforts after the best way of expressing them.

A happy life truly, and a useful, and if at times he feels solitary in his humble lodging, he is ever welcome at the cheerful Rectory, where he can find both fatherly and motherly advice. Moreover, the Church he serves does not debar him from dreaming of the highest domestic happiness, when he can gather round him the joys which wife and children confer on a Christian home. Fourteen months were thus passed at Saltwood by my son. His sisters from time to time stayed with him for weeks and helped him, and there was an occasional visit to his home. Thus we were able to judge of the progress he was making.

From time to time we had heard him preach, and were struck both with the simplicity and quiet earnestness of his sermons. On one marked occasion when he happened to be with us, while still a Deacon, he was called upon unexpectedly to fill a difficult position. It was on the day of the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. I had fixed the opening of a church at Croydon for the last Saturday of the session, feeling no doubt that that would be for me a free day; but difficulties arose about the Commons' amendments to the Bill on Friday night; its fate in the conflict

between the two Houses seemed to hang in the balance on Saturday morning, and I felt myself bound to be present at the last moment in Parliament to see it safely through. No other substitute to preach for me could be found. My wife, who was to have taken me in the carriage to Croydon, was obliged to accept Craufurd in my place, and he preached as his father's representative, fulfilling well the difficult duty to which unwillingly he was called.

Immediately afterwards he returned to his ordinary life at Saltwood, and there he continued for some time after I had the happiness of ordaining him Priest in 1875, in Croydon Parish Church. Deep was the solemnity of that ordination; his Rector preached: 'To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne' (Rev. iii. 21).

Soon afterwards my nephew and domestic chaplain was obliged to make arrangements for leaving me on his approaching marriage, and it seemed a plain duty for my son to help me as his successor. He determined for a short while to place himself under Maclagan, then labouring in a populous parish in the south of London, that he might gain some experience of the hard work of the London clergy, and took up his abode in the clergy-house with the other curates. But in the late summer of 1875 he was settled as domestic chaplain at Lambeth and Addington.

How zealously he did his laborious work in conducting my endless correspondence, and what kindly consideration he showed for the feelings of all with whom he came in contact, is known throughout my diocese. From this time he was his mother's and my constant companion. He would pray with his mother in any

time of anxiety, and she has often spoken to me of the depth and fervency of his prayers. What time he could spare from his public duties, which were very pressing, he spent in reading with his sisters, his mother, or myself, and in private study, and availed himself of as many opportunities of preaching as he could secure. Often in the private chapel at Lambeth and at Addington we all listened with attention and edification to the natural outpourings of his deep religious feelings and to his simple statements of the Gospel rules of life. It was not an easy matter for so young a man to preach to the very mixed congregation which gathered in those chapels; ourselves, our servants, visitors of various kinds, clerical and lay, and not unfrequently one or two Bishops; but his genuine simplicity enabled him well to fulfil his task. He took pains to regulate the chapel services, and instituted especially, from Maclagan's example, an address every Saturday night in preparation for the Sunday. He was the pastor of the household, prepared the servants for Confirmation, and was ever ready to assist the clergy of our parishes even in the midst of his busiest days of other work. At the ordinations his help was invaluable as a link between myself with my elder chaplains and the candidates, who were nearly of his own age. On one ordination especially, the last in which he was privileged to take a part, no one who knew the circumstances can ever forget the exceeding tenderness which he showed in dealing with the scruples of a young man who sought his help.

Thus time wore on. He had his peculiar trials, but he bore them manfully. On the 22d June 1877 he was twenty-eight—on our thirty-fourth wedding-day. He had shortly before this been with me to Scotland for

the funeral of my eldest brother, and accompanied me to Scarborough to cheer, as he always did by his presence, and minister, in her weakness and old age, to my eldest sister, Lady Sitwell, who loved him as a grandson. Through these trying visits he watched over me with his usual tenderness. He had now acted as my chaplain for two years; he was engaged to be married, and it was deemed desirable that he should be ready, as soon as possible, to return to parochial work. He was able at this time to secure the services, as his successor, of an intimate friend, who had travelled with him in the East, who was well known to me, and has since to our great joy become my son-in-law; so that he had the less anxiety in preparing to have a home of his own when opportunity might offer. Meanwhile, with the full approval of his mother and myself, who thought that his health required a complete change, he determined to carry into effect a long-ago conceived plan for visiting America. He remained with me at Lambeth till after the annual gathering of the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy, and sailed for New York with his cousin and uncle and another friend on July the 17th.

He undertook this visit with exceptional advantages. I was myself able to introduce him to all the leading ecclesiastics of the Anglican Church on the other side of the Atlantic. The Minister of the United States furnished him with many letters, as did other kind friends. There were few people, therefore, of eminence, in the States, or in Canada, to whom he had not access; and I knew that he would use well the opportunities thus afforded him. For the kindness everywhere shown to him in his journey I am deeply grateful. He felt that in these three months he made valuable friendships,

which he hoped would be kept up and renewed as life wore on. And to every sort of society, political, ecclesiastical, and literary, he had as much access as the time admitted of. At Washington he was received by the President—spent happy days at Boston and in New York—was franked on his journey, with true American kindness, to Chicago, and was at Ottawa for the marriage of a cousin, at which he officiated. He returned to the States in time to be present at the meetings of both Houses of the Convention of the Clergy, and to communicate personally my message of invitation to the Bishops for the coming Lambeth Conference. His own journals, and the letters of his friends, testify to the impressions he received and made. Meanwhile, from himself, we at home gathered that the journey was entirely prosperous, and we had scarcely a suspicion that he had at times to struggle with the beginnings of that insidious illness which so soon afterwards closed his brief career. I should altogether both fail of my duty, and do injustice to my feelings, if I did not here record my sense of the extraordinary kindness and hospitality with which he was everywhere welcomed. I doubt whether there be any country, other than the United States, in which a young stranger like him, in a somewhat rapid tour, could have received so much personal consideration, and been so cordially welcomed in so many homes.

Meanwhile, with his mother and our two elder daughters, as soon as the business of the session allowed, I went to Ireland for that pleasant visit to the North, in which, forwarded from one country-house to another, in Wicklow, Meath, Armagh, Fermanagh, Londonderry, ending with the Vice-Regal Lodge, we experienced like hospitality from a host of friends, ecclesiastical and lay.

Strange that our two visits to Ireland, south and north, at a distance of twenty years, full of the joyousness secured by friendly greetings, should each have been the prelude to a year of suffering such as falls to the lot of few.

November found us, as usual, by the sea at Stonehouse. A casual call to visit London enabled me to welcome Craufurd at Lambeth, and bring him down to his mother and sisters about the middle of the month. We were somewhat struck by observing that he was pale and thin, but he seemed in the highest spirits, ready to look out for a new occupation. He gave a lecture to the students at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, on his American travels, and seemed as full of life as ever. We did not know that to spare our feelings he concealed how sometimes for hours he would suffer intense and unaccountable internal pain. It was not till we were settled at Addington that this became known to us, and then there was reason to believe that it was but a passing ailment. About this time a living became vacant—one of the most desirable in my patronage—in a beautiful country, with moderate work. I sent him down to make inquiries for me about it, as proposals were made for diminishing its income, to which I was ready to accede, and he saw the principal proprietor of the neighbourhood. His interview was short, as the mistress of the house was lying at the point of death; but there must have been something extremely pleasing in my son's demeanour—he was always full of tenderness when his sympathy was called forth; the old man wrote next day to beg that I would appoint him to be his pastor, he had been so touched and charmed with what he saw of him. Craufurd altogether repudiated the suggestion. The quiet post, with its many attractions,

was, he said, suitable for a man who had grown grey in the Church's service, and he should think it wrong in his youth and strength to occupy a place for which others had far higher claims. A few days afterwards he went with me, on the 7th of December, to a most important devotional meeting at Lambeth. There were several Bishops present, amongst others the Bishop of London. I told him that Craufurd was anxious for a post in London, and that the living I have alluded to was vacant. He at once suggested that the excellent incumbent of St. John's, Notting Hill, who found the work in which he had laboured for years now too much, should go to the country living, and that Craufurd should undertake the care of the vacant laborious post. This unexpected opening seemed to solve many difficulties. Here was the very sort of work for which my son had longed, and for which he seemed to his friends peculiarly fitted; and we returned to Addington with thankful hearts and a bright prospect. A week or ten days were spent in some family arrangements, and soon all seemed settled, and he was instituted by the Bishop of London as incumbent of St. John's, Notting Hill. He looked forward with deep interest to the work that now lay before him, and the clergy and laity of the neighbourhood seemed all ready to welcome him. He was with us to take his part in our usual Christmas gatherings at Addington. The New year 1878 opened, and, though the mysterious symptoms of some latent illness still troubled him, there seemed no cause for alarm. His mother's anxious heart, indeed, observed signs of bodily weakness. She had seen him attempting to fell a tree near the house, and giving up the task with an exclamation that his strength was failing, but he bore up so bravely that

no one could pronounce him to be really ill. He preached in the Chapel, and attended me as chaplain on several public occasions, but his mother's anxiety increased, and she urged me to take him to see Sir William Gull. It was, I think, the day after the meeting of Parliament that we went together to Sir William's house, and I remained in the outer room, fully anticipating that we should have an opinion treating the symptoms of illness as a light matter; but when I was admitted I saw from the physician's manner that the case was far more grave than any one had supposed. Still, all was hopeful. Immediate work was forbidden, but a rest till Easter would probably get the constitution right. Craufurd and I went out together, and no shade of sadness seemed to oppress him. He took me by appointment to view the Parsonage at Notting Hill, pointed out to me each room and the improvements which he intended to make, and left me, to finish his walk through the parish, and his leisurely inspection of it. Meanwhile a deep sadness settled on my heart as we left the Parsonage. I felt a gloomy foreboding that he would never take possession of it. I had engaged to spend the evening with the Bishop of London at Fulham, to be ready for breakfast at Grillon's Club at the beginning of the Parliamentary session next day. I shall never forget the anxious thoughts of that wakeful night. Some anticipation seemed to come upon me of the trial that was not long to be delayed. Still, in the morning, I was cheered, not only by the society I met, but specially by conversation with an eminent medical man, a member of the Club who had lately seen my son, and I remember talking to my next neighbour, Lord Ebury, of the prospects of Craufurd's work at Notting Hill. We were still encouraged to be very

hopeful, and he was told that it was his duty to be inducted as Vicar of St. John's on the 3d of February. I have already said something of that scene. The friends who had watched his youth, the curates who were to help him, the congregation to which he was ready to devote his energies, all listened to the Archdeacon's sermon, in which he set forth the claims of the young pastor to his people's regard, and though Craufurd looked ill while taking his part, he was still full of hope; but this was his first and last appearance as incumbent in that Church.

He sought now to employ well the period of enforced rest, though he was as much as possible in the open air, by the doctor's orders, driving his pony carriage. He sketched out for himself and began a course of study which should help him in his future work. It was not till twelve days afterwards, on the 15th of February, when we were obliged to be at Lambeth for Convocation, and he remained quietly at Addington, that his strength altogether broke down. Fever set in with violence, and on Saturday the 16th when we returned we found him in great, though not immediate, danger. Then followed three months of the most intense anxiety.

It is useless to follow the variations of our feelings from week to week and day to day. Sometimes hope rose high, but only to be speedily dashed. His mother and sisters were with him continually, and the nurse who had tended his infancy, childhood, and early boyhood, returned to watch in his sick-room. The invalid himself was perfectly calm in the midst of all this anxiety. The change in his illness had providentially removed the great pain from which he had before at times suffered, and though he was very weak, he was not confined to bed. Early in the morning, when he had

ended his own prayers, his mother came to read with him. He was engaged in the study of interesting books; conducted, though he soon became unable to write, the correspondence connected with his parish, and took a deep interest in all the political events recorded in the newspapers. His nights indeed were much disturbed, and his nurse often heard him praying in the stillness. No doubt, by God's goodness, these three months of quiet trial were greatly blessed to the strengthening of his soul. One book which he read with great interest was Bourdillon's 'Alone with God;' he read through Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living,' and had, before the end, begun the 'Holy Dying.' Meanwhile, intimate friends, some very dear to him, came to cheer him and us at Addington. Each day in his room he would have one or other to drink tea with him, and one of his sisters to dine with him. He suffered much from weakness and continued fever, but was ever uncomplaining. No one during all this time ever heard a harsh or fretful word proceeding out of his mouth. It was scarcely possible to associate with him the idea of approaching death,—he was so cheerful and so full of his old playful spirit, and this it was impossible not to interpret as a good sign. Meanwhile, the cold of winter passed, and the bright spring days came on, and it was impossible but that with them our hopes should be rekindled; for he was allowed by the doctors to come down-stairs on Easter Monday. He was carried into the chapel, to refresh himself with the sight of our Easter decorations, and henceforward passed all his time down-stairs, spending his days in his mother's bright morning room. At first it had been expected that he would be well by Easter. He bore up bravely against the depression of his deferred hope. But he was now allowed to drive

out in the bright days, and to lie out on his sofa in the sun; and had it not been that his weakness continued, and his pallid looks, we might have supposed that this change of treatment, with the changing weather, betokened progress towards recovery. Soon May came, and he looked forward with cheerfulness to the promised move to the sea, which we could not but hope might, in God's good time, renovate his wasted strength.

There was something peculiarly affecting in the sight of a young man, with such calls upon him, the centre of so much affection and of so many hopes, with every alleviation which outward circumstances could give to sickness, tended by the most skilful physicians, and nursed with the most sedulous care, laid prostrate, and making no real progress towards health. Still, it was impossible to despair of his life. His kind medical attendants hoped against hope; they knew that the insidious deterioration of the blood, if he was really suffering from it, was, according to all past experience, incurable; but they knew also that many other diseases, once reckoned incurable, had, through favourable experiments, been found to be capable of cure, and they could not help hoping that it might be so with him; so they would not allow either us or him to despond. They would not hear of his resigning his parish, as he proposed. From the first the charge of it had been committed to the able man—whom the Bishop of London has since appointed to the vicarage—who had assisted his predecessor, and who, with his mature experience, so well discharged all the duties of its pastor that Craufurd's mind was at rest as to his people. No doubt privately the doctors feared that his resignation would extinguish all hope in their patient, and might endanger his life.

It was on Saturday, the 25th of May, when the bright summer was beginning to burst, that he left Addington. He himself, in a letter which he dictated the day before, described the preliminary arrangements, and how servants, with every appliance that could conduce to his comfort, had left for Stonehouse, to be ready for his reception there. Sickness, doubtless, is more easily borne when such helps can be supplied, and Craufurd was truly thankful to Almighty God for these secondary blessings. I do not think he expected that he would die soon, but he determined, by God's help, to be ready either for life or death. The business before him was plainly to use all reasonable means for his recovery, and his manly faith saved him from being disquieted either by unworthy fears or unfounded hopes. He was living in faith and prayer, and God sustained him.

Many anxious looks and good wishes accompanied him as he drove from the Park, for he was much loved by rich and poor there. His kind physician went with him in the train, and the journey, which occupied in all about four hours, was well accomplished. It seemed almost as if the experiment had answered, for on Sunday and Monday he was certainly no worse, and, we hoped, rather better. I read the Service with him on Sunday afternoon in the drawing-room. More than once he drove out, and he lay in his little carriage among the ilex-trees on the lawn, enjoying the sea-view and the fresh air. Thus he passed Tuesday morning. One of the Rural Deans coming to me on business shook hands with him on the lawn, and two cousins had come over from a distance to visit him. Unexpectedly he complained that he did not feel as usual, and was apprehensive of a bad bilious attack. It was not so. The sickness which followed was the beginning of a

hæmorrhage which was to end his life. Still, he bore up pretty well through Tuesday. But I was advised to break an appointment for a meeting at Maidstone, and send my chaplain in my place. It was, indeed, mercifully arranged that I did not go, for before my chaplain could return, though he came back as soon as possible, and reached us on Wednesday about seven o'clock, it was only to find us kneeling around the dear lifeless form of the friend whom he loved as we did. Craufurd had passed a disturbed night on Tuesday. We had telegraphed for one who had only left him a week before, whom he longed to see again. The day went on amidst great anxiety, but still we scarcely knew that there was immediate danger. With his usual manliness he questioned me exactly as to how the matter stood, and received with perfect calmness the statement of the real truth, that there was great danger, but still hope. He joined with me in prayer. 'I submit myself,' he said, 'entirely to God's will.' I answered, 'You have always done so;' he said, 'Not always,' implying that his illness and its trials had given him complete resignation to the will of God in Christ. It was not till towards five o'clock that his medical attendant from Broadstairs, who had watched him for the two last days, was struck with a sudden change. He summoned us at once, and said that as far as he could judge he could not survive above an hour. In accordance with his own wish I again told Craufurd of the immediate danger; he received the intelligence with the utmost calmness, and set himself to use the hour, feeling that as before his business had been to live, so now it was to die. The presence of those he loved greatly cheered and comforted him. He was the calmest of us all, and almost

seemed to be helping us to bear up. He addressed kind messages to each, turned on his side like a tired child, and fell asleep in Jesus. Blessed end to a manly, simple life; yet not the end—rather surely the beginning of a new life into which he passed, while he left us overwhelmed by his bedside.

It is remarkable that another young clergyman, ordained on the same day as himself, equally given up to his Master's service, Horsley, and another almost of the same standing, Hilton, one of the most devoted and beloved curates of the diocese, have passed away like him, their work scarcely begun. But the Lord God accepted in all three the short service which He gave them time to render. It is natural to say that such lives cut short bear on them the mark of imperfectness; but in God's sight it is not so; the Lord Jesus no doubt called these three young ministers of His Gospel thus early to be with Him in Paradise because He had perfected His work in their souls thus early—a peculiar privilege surely—and He wanted them for some work elsewhere, that they might serve in His own immediate Presence in the Heavenly Sanctuary.

It was on the 4th of June—a day familiar to all Etonians as a day of rejoicing—that in the beautiful quiet churchyard of Addington he was followed to the grave by many who loved him and his family; relations, neighbours, elder friends, and his young coevals attached to him from school and College days; and as the benediction was pronounced over his resting-place his parents felt that their many prayers for his welfare, offered up from his infancy onwards, had been answered, though not in the way they had expected.

A friend has sent me these lines:—

Passed from Death unto Life.

'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever.'—PSALM XXI. 4.

'HE is not dead,' but only lieth sleeping
In the sweet refuge of His Master's Breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping,
'He is not dead,' but only taking rest.

What though the highest hopes he dearly cherished
All faded gently as the setting sun;
What though our own fond expectations perished,
Ere yet life's noblest labour seemed begun;

What though he standeth at no earthly altar,—
Yet in white raiment, on the golden floor,
Where love is perfect, and no step can falter,
He serveth as a Priest for evermore!

O glorious end of life's short day of sadness!
O blessed course so well and nobly run!
O home of true and everlasting gladness!
O crown unfading! and so early won!

Though tears will fall, we bless Thee, O our Father,
For the dear one for ever with the blest,
And wait the Easter dawn when Thou shalt gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest.

AND now there remain but six months of this biography. Three days before she died, my wife said to me in Edinburgh, 'This is the 29th; six months to-day since he left us.' How did the mother, who so tenderly loved her son, pass these six months—when all her nursing and care, and her prayers for his recovery, had ended?

We went from Stonehouse, and returned again on the evening of that sad 4th of June. A month was spent quietly in that home, now hallowed as the place of his departure. Kind friends did their best to help us; and my dear wife threw herself as soon as possible into the interests of her Orphanage. The day after his departure, Ascension Day, we had joined our family alone in the Holy Communion in the chapel, and met again in the same solemn way in the same place on the next Sunday, when the Bishop of Ripon gave us a touching address. The four quiet weeks were the best medicine for our bruised spirits. And afterwards my dear wife assured me that when she was able to return to the same peaceful spot again for a few days in July, she felt greatly soothed by sitting quietly on the summer lawn, and thinking over the past. My occupations called me to business as the month ended, and she felt that duty called her now to take her place by my side. The great gathering of Bishops from all parts of the world for which my dear son had presented the invitations the last autumn in America, was fixed for the first week in July; and it had been arranged that a large number of my brethren should be received by me in our metropolitical Cathedral at Canterbury. She accompanied me to St. Augustine's College, and afterwards to the

Cathedral. Of course we took no part in the hospitalities of this interesting visit. We went and returned in the same day from Stonehouse. But it pleased her to shake by the hand some of those who last autumn had so hospitably received our son, who had been looking forward to see him at this gathering, and were deeply touched by his absence. In a few days we moved to Lambeth, where the hundred Bishops were to assemble. She kept herself as quiet and retired as she could, but felt it a duty, and even a solace to her grief, to help me as much as possible. She therefore made the effort to show herself amongst the Bishops day by day, and received as quietly as circumstances admitted all my brethren from America, who had each some touching reminiscence to communicate respecting the last autumn. Meanwhile our family services in the chapel, in which mention was made each day of the happy departed, were greatly soothing to her spirit. Before his illness I had, principally by her help and at her suggestion, moved in the matter of restoring the ancient Palace Chapel, the seat of so many recollections in the history of the English Church. By her aid and the influence which she brought to bear on the effort, and the general interest which, helped especially by one trusted friend, she was able to excite, I had carried forward the work of restoration so as to make the building not unfit for the venerable company which gathered in it day by day. At the opening service of the Lambeth Conference all the Bishops attended in their robes, and she with her family was present in the gallery. She was present also with us in St. Paul's at the closing service, and, as was her nature, took the deepest interest in hearing of all our proceedings. Many letters which I have received from America and elsewhere have expressed the admi-

ration of the writers for the self-control she exercised during that season of her deep grief, and the way in which she exerted herself not to allow the Bishops' Conference to suffer from the cloud which had gathered over our home. But now the strain of this public duty was removed, and the question arose how best to seek some relaxation before it was necessary again to engage in work. Her own mind went back to the days we had spent at Halsteads in our former grief. She thought at first that we should be most soothed in some quiet residence on the Lakes, where we might gaze on the glorious hills in peaceful retirement. But, on consideration of the whole case, it seemed better for all of us to seek some more complete diversion, and on the 12th of August she and I and our three girls, and their cousin, one of my chaplains, left for Switzerland. I do not know that the tour answered particularly well for her; she suffered from a slight ailment, which disturbed her rest during several of the weeks of our absence. But still she was greatly interested in revisiting Brussels, which appeared a changed city since we had last spent some days there years before, and the field of Waterloo, which we had visited twelve months after our marriage, and which she took great delight in showing for the first time to her daughters. Basle and Lucerne awakened recollections of a former visit to each with our dear son. We recalled at Lucerne how great had been our anxiety when he was laid up for a day or two in the Schweizerhof with what we almost feared might be the beginning of a dangerous fever; how we had wandered above the town through the great churchyard, in that part of it called the Kindergarten, where were hundreds of little children's graves, and almost feared that our boy of twelve might be laid among them; and we thanked

God for the seventeen years passed since during which he had been spared to be the joy and pride of our home, and quietly to do much work in his Master's service. We went also seeking to visit, in their lovely villa near the town, friends whose daughter, their only child, had been taken from them since we saw them last; and, not finding them at home, wandered about their beautiful gardens, thinking how much more gently we had been dealt with than they, having our three dear daughters spared to us, to cheer us in our old age. As we moved very leisurely from place to place, we had abundant time for reading together; and when we went to stay quietly for a week at Bürgenstock, the views and walks among the heights were very refreshing; and great was the interest which she took in revisiting the Righi by help of the appliances of the railway,—a very different mode of access from that by which we had approached it with Craufurd when we were both more vigorous for mountain climbing seventeen years before. Then the quiet days at Montreux were enjoyed by us, reading, driving, penetrating into the hills above, or sauntering by the margin of the Lake. I thought it right to spend three days at Geneva, hoping to get some clearer insight into the condition of the old Catholics of Switzerland. I cannot say that she enjoyed this time. Geneva is too much of a town, and its suburbs too suburban to be a pleasant resting-place in a tour. Fontainebleau with with its old château—so wonderfully preserved inside and out amid the wreck of Revolutions, carrying you back, in the still remaining furniture and decoration of the rooms, through the Second Empire and the First, to Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. and the Grand Monarque, and even up to Francis I.,—had great charms for her; stored as her mind was by what she

and her daughters had been lately reading; and she enjoyed the drive through the forest. A few days in Paris, then full to overflowing through the Exhibition, completed the tour, and soon we were at Canterbury, plunged in the work of the autumn Ordination. She felt a relief in being spared, through the kindness of the Dean and Canons, from receiving the candidates at Addington, where our spirits would have been scarcely equal to welcoming them, considering the sadness of our last hurried visit there on the 4th of June. She was present in the Cathedral to witness the Ordination, when our friend Professor Plumptre preached. A week was spent in Kent after the Ordination was over, as I had diocesan work. She seemed well and quietly happy, though at times sad, and some who watched her narrowly thought that her strength was not what it had been, yet she was in spirit the same as ever. Staying with our nephew-chaplain and his wife, by Blean Forest, she visited one day with our niece a gipsy family, the mother of which lay sick in their wagon. The boy, a wild specimen of his tribe, was greatly attracted to her by the stories which she told them, ever glad to sow some good seed even in the most passing visit.

Soon we were settled for a month at Addington, the sadness of our return cheered by the prospect of our second daughter's marriage in November. The preparation for this happy event greatly occupied her. But, as usual, she would not allow our residence in this spacious home to be a comfort only to ourselves. It was almost a joke in the family that she made Addington a sanatorium, and those members of the family who gathered round her during that last precious month will long remember her unselfish and untiring endeavours

to make the place minister to their comfort. She rejoiced that I was able to preach each Sunday. The last was a solemn day: the window which the people of Addington had erected in love for Craufurd had been put up the night before. She heard me preach for the last time,—the text, 'Sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing.' Our hearts were full of the past 4th of June and the coming 12th of November. We had felt that we could not bear having the marriage, as we should have desired, in our lovely little country parish church, and it was settled that we should leave Addington on Monday, and that my daughter and my chaplain should be married in the restored Lambeth Chapel.

Tuesday, 12th November, was a solemn as well as a joyful day. Before breakfast, all who were staying in the Palace met for Holy Communion with the bride and bridegroom, and many noted the heavenly expression of sadness mingled with joy in my dear wife's face. None were invited but near relations and intimate friends, and those immediately connected with our household, yet the number swelled to some 120 in the chapel, and the post-room and ante-chapel were filled with some of our poorer neighbours. It was a beautiful sight as the company arrived by the Great Library staircase, brightened in the November day by a blazing fire, and walked along the picture-gallery, through the post-room into the chapel. From our private rooms, by the same route, came the procession of the bride. She leant on her father's arm, followed by her two sisters, and last came the mother, looking touchingly lovely with her anxious yet thankful face. None who saw her on that day will ever forget her look. Many felt that she seemed care-worn, but none, I think, anticipated that that was to be the very last day that she would ever

Mary's in Glasgow, who had lately been assisting Mr. Wilkinson in London. Tuesday she passed as usual, and, indeed, on these last two days she was able to visit with much interest her hostess's Cottage Hospital, and took her daughters for a walk through the grounds, to show them some old familiar spots which she and I remembered to have sought on our marriage visit. On Wednesday her feeling of illness had not abated, and I thought it right—as we were going to my brother's house in Edinburgh—to telegraph for his family physician to see her on her arrival. He ordered her to bed, but did not fear more than a bad bilious attack. We were to be at Durham on Friday for the day of Missionary Intercession on Saturday, and the Dean of Durham, a very old friend, had kindly arranged the anthems which he knew would please her, and was looking forward to her enthusiastic admiration of his lately reopened Cathedral. But it was now plain that she must rest a while; though we had no apprehension but that she would be well in a few days. It was on Thursday evening that a serious change was seen. She became rapidly worse, and very weak. Friday was a day of anxiety, and when she told me her feelings late in the day, I telegraphed to Dr. Carpenter, our kind physician at Croydon, who thoroughly knew her constitution, and all she had gone through. In great alarm from what I told him, he telegraphed back that he would come immediately, so as to arrive by the express on Saturday evening. From time to time, she showed her usual interest in the welfare of all connected with her; she had spoken of the approaching ordination of a young cousin, and reminded us that we ought to pray for him. On Saturday she was utterly prostrated, and spoke to her eldest daughter of what she wished in

the event of her death. She was perfectly calm and collected; but though, when I was with her, she spoke with exceeding tenderness and thankfulness of our five-and-thirty years of wedded love, and said how she hoped that she might live once more to see her married daughter, for 'Christmas would be sad without the mother,' yet we hoped even still that she was only nervous from weakness. Cheered at the thought of seeing the physician who knew her so well, she expressed to me the hope that he would be able to move her to the quiet and fresh air of Stonehouse, for which she pined. The night was one of great restlessness, and on the Sunday she was worse. By mid-day her case was hopeless. Her speech—from the setting in of congestion of the lungs—had become very difficult, but when roused she had all her mental faculties entire. She had settled on the day before that she would receive the Communion on this day—Advent Sunday. I reminded her how she had looked forward to a glorious celebration of it in Durham Cathedral. We were now in great alarm of some sudden termination, or of unconsciousness coming on, and it would have left a sad memory if she had departed without that solemn rite through which her soul had always rejoiced to hold communion with her Saviour. But still for several hours she was entirely herself. I administered the Holy Communion to her, to her daughters, and to the physician. She joined in all so far as her impeded speech would allow. I said to her the 'Nunc Dimittis,' and she repeated it with me. I said to her, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine house,' and she added, 'And the place where Thine honour dwelleth.' I tried to go through the hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' and when I faltered she supplied the missing

words. Then, after a time of rest, as of old on all Sundays—in the Deanery, at Fulham and London House, at Lambeth and at Addington,—her daughters sang to her some favourite hymns—'Lo! He comes with clouds descending,' and 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.' When they had finished, I repeated to her again the last lines, inscribed by her desire on the frame of Grispini's picture of the children who left her at Carlisle:—

> 'And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.'

'Yes, yes,' she repeated, and either then, or a few minutes before, she spoke of those of us who had gone before stretching out their hands to welcome her. The physician wished her again to rest. Soon she became unconscious, and about ten o'clock, after I had offered up the Commendatory Prayer, her breathing ceased with a gentle sigh, and she was gone.

Thus ended her earthly life of fifty-nine years—refreshed from her childhood onwards, through the grace of God, by a wellspring of joy within, which poured forth in acts of kindliness to all whom she could reach; a life sanctified by prayer, disciplined by abundant suffering, ever thankful to God, active, cheerful, mixing in the world's innocent enjoyments, and resolute to fulfil all worldly duties; yet not of the world—meet preparation for the life of a glorified saint in the immediate presence of the Father and Redeemer.

Part II.

TWO or three notes to the foregoing loving memorial, gathered from letters and journals, may be added here.

Catharine Spooner was born at Elmdon Parsonage, December 9, 1819, baptized three days afterwards in the parish church, which her grandfather had rebuilt in 1790, married in the same church June 22, 1843. She was just thirty therefore when the family removed from Rugby to Carlisle, and had resided there somewhat over six years when her first great sorrow fell upon her, a sorrow which indeed never entirely departed.

It is one of the most touching and solemnising features of her correspondence to trace all through the three-and-twenty years that followed the calamity, the manifold allusions to it, the comfort which grew up in the midst of it, each remembrance of the past touched with some fresh ray of light from Heaven.

Then the cup was again held to her lips, bitter as ever, and she drank it in unshaken faith and trust; but Nature was exhausted now, and she immediately drooped and died.

A very few days after her first great sorrow had fallen upon her, she committed to writing her recollections of it, for the perusal only of her family and a few dear

friends. On December 20, 1874, she wrote, unknown to any one, a memorandum, addressed to her son, which was only found in one of her drawers after her death. From that paper the following words are extracted:—'I wish to say to dear Craufurd and our children that, after your father and myself have left you, and have, through the merits of Christ, joined your dear sisters in our Father's house, it may be well for you to publish the little book which contains the account I wrote soon after they left us, of that time of trial. As the suffering is one which must recur over and over again while the world lasts, it may speak a word of help and comfort to those upon whom a similar burden is laid, and who are feeling that it is too heavy for them to bear. To them I would say, *O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort your hearts, and put you your trust in the Lord.* In the darkest part of our sorrow these words were never absent from me, and I have found how truly they spoke. I think we suffered at that time as much as it was possible to suffer, and yet our life has been full of blessings since; and the great comfort we have had in the dear children spared, and those given after our others were taken, has made us to know and to trust in God's unending love. Our children have cheered us and helped us in our pilgrimage, and have been the joy and comfort of our heart, and we have before us the prospect of a speedy reunion with our loved and lost ones.'

These words speak for themselves. In the spirit of them, in the tender hope which they breathe that the narrative may whisper loving sympathy and godly comfort to other mourners, the Archbishop was pressed to give it at once to the world, and in the same hope he consented. Just as it is, it is printed. The Editor

has shrunk from touching it, but has placed the manuscript in other hands to be copied for the printer. But first of all, it will help the reader if we here insert the names of the children who had been given to her at that time.

Catharine Anna ('Catty'),	born	March 15, 1846.
Mary Susan ('May'),	,,	June 20, 1847.
Craufurd,	,,	June 22, 1849.
Charlotte ('Chatty'),	,,	September 7, 1850.
Frances Alice Marion,	,,	June 29, 1852.
Susan Elizabeth Campbell,	,,	August 1, 1854.
Lucy Sydney Murray,	,,	February 11, 1856.

MRS. TAIT'S NARRATIVE.

(WRITTEN AT HALSTEADS.)

EARLY in October 1855 we returned with our dear Craufurd from Ireland, where we had spent about six weeks. Our five girls were at Allonby, and we felt most impatient to see them. We arrived at about nine o'clock at night, and our darling Catty ran out to meet us, full of the most intense happiness at our return. Sweet May had been suffering from asthma, and was not allowed to breathe the night air, so she waited for us in the house, looking most calmly happy as we folded her in our arms. We went up-stairs at once to see the little ones. Frances was awake, and highly delighted to see us; I bent over little Chatty, who awoke while I was watching her, and looked up with a face of heavenly beauty and joy I never can forget. I found it difficult to tear myself away from her, even to look at my baby, her joy and mine was so great at meeting again. Susan was asleep in her bath-bed in another room. I went to give her one fond kiss, thought her much grown, and then went down-stairs to tea; and we heard from dear Catty and May what they had done during our absence. This was our meeting, and I did not part again from our darlings, until we were called by Him who gave them to part with them for ever in this world.

The next day was Sunday, and great was our happiness at taking them again to church—the four eldest—in the morning. Frances used to say that when she went back to Carlisle, she would be big, and her nurse would take her to church. We took Catty only in the

evening. How sweet she was, and how happy, as, returning from church, she asked much about the stars, and she seemed to feel the most intense delight in the contemplation of them. May had tea ready for us, and we spent one most happy hour before they went to bed.

We stayed with them ten days, to enjoy them, before returning to our busy life at Carlisle, and it was a happy time. Nothing could equal their delight in the sea and its shells and sea-weeds, nor ours at watching their joy. The blackberries were ripe, and we took them out at times in the carriage and put them down, and when our drive was over, came for them. We fancy we can see them now, with their little baskets quite full, and each little face brighter than the other, in their innocent joy. At length the time came for returning to settle ourselves at Carlisle. We went with rather anxious hearts, as we heard that scarlet fever was bad in the town; still, it was the path of duty, and we felt we ought not to shrink from it.

Being settled in the Deanery, we returned to our usual life there. Each morning, a quarter before eight, Craufurd and Chatty used first to come to me, learn their verse of a hymn and psalm, and then say their prayers. Chatty generally left after that, though when she liked, she used to stay for the others. Frances used to come to say her little verse and her sweet prayer; then, with a merry bound, would she kiss her mother, and run off to breakfast, for which she was always in a hurry. She was the most artless innocent babe, and would say in a voice we hear now, 'Forgive me all my dear sins.' She never lived, sweet lamb, to understand what sin was; washed in her Saviour's blood, called by His name, signed with His sign; she,

my pretty merry prattler, soon after left us for His presence. What will she, 'my earthly child,' as I used to call her, be like when we see her again?

At that time Chatty was learning the Morning Hymn in which this verse occurs:—

'Saviour, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come;
Thou hast oft-time seen it break
Brightly o'er that Eastern lake.'

Each time when she came to that verse, she, 'my heavenly child,' as I used to call her, would stoop, and with her sweet finger point to a picture (on the other side of my bed) of our Saviour's childhood, and say, 'That is the cottage home, Mamma.' She knows more about it now, sweet lamb, than we do. Catty and May used generally to stay in their own room at this time and say their prayers together, learn their hymn and psalm, then come to me to say them. After this they used with Craufurd to read a portion of the Bible, then I said a short prayer with them, and they went to their breakfast. We had prayers about nine, and papa used to question them on what he had read, to which they used to reply very nicely. The three eldest then went into the schoolroom for an hour. Chatty, Frances, and Susan used to be our sweet and merry companions at breakfast. When they became, as they often did, too noisy, clinging Chatty would beg to stay, ever longing to be near her mother, and boisterous little Frances would ask for her bit of bread and honey, and be off to fill the nursery with her merry laugh and play. Susan, my lovely baby, used always to stay till the church-bell began. On Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saints' Days, also on every birthday, any that liked used to accompany us to the Cathedral. I always found two, more

frequently four, ready when I came down. On other days they used to play in the garden and Abbey grounds, and what a merry party always came round to claim a kiss when we came out of church! It was my busy time, and I could not stay much with them then, as I had either home business to do, or school, infirmary, workhouse, or poor to attend to. We had days and times for each, and these sweet girls used to think how they would love to help when they grew older; in many ways they did help me already. Saturday was their own day. I used to spend from half-past eleven or twelve in the schoolroom, hear all the lessons of the week, question closely on the history, which I had to read on purpose (it was wonderful how much they knew), look over all exercises, copies, etc., and hear the music learned in the week. Great was the delight these Saturdays gave them, and who can tell the joy they were to their mother! Chatty was my own little pupil till December, when cousin Nannie took her quite, and after reading, etc., and work with me, she would creep into the schoolroom with her sweet, pleased look, and there she also has left her unfinished copy-book.

Soon after our return from Allonby, Catty and May asked me one morning to come for a moment into the schoolroom, and then with a proud, happy look they gave me their first embroidery for Craufurd's trousers, which they had done while we were in Ireland.

Sundays were days of great happiness with them. They would often, before we were up, come in, the five together, with their bright, happy Sunday look, take their place beside us, and chant with clear voice, 'This is the day the Lord hath made,' etc., then say all together a Sunday Hymn, 'Put the spade and wheel

away,' 'Do no weary work to-day,' then the 122d Psalm, 'I was glad when they said,' etc. After their prayers I would explain the Gospel or Epistle to the three eldest. At family prayer we sang a hymn; they always had the books ready, and I had looked forward to my dear Catty and May, when spring came, playing the hymns for us to sing to. They could already play several, and I was anxious that they should in this be able to take my place. When we went to breakfast, Catty and May, in turns, would conduct a Sunday school of all the rest. They used to arrange it in beautiful order—in summer when warm enough, in the garden, or when this could not be, up the little steps leading to their father's dressing-room; and we, from our room, would hear their sweet voices sing hymn after hymn and chant psalms. They then said hymns and psalms they knew, and Catty would always have some nice book ready to read which the little ones could follow. We had either the school or teachers to attend to at this time, so that I could not be with them. When we returned, the four were ready for church. After church they dined at our luncheon, and dear little Frances was always of the Sunday party. When I had time, I heard them say their Catechism, and at two went for a class at the night-school, and coming back would be greeted by five bright faces ready to take their places beside me at church. After church, for an hour and a half, unless when at tea, they were with us; this was the longed-for time. The little ones saw Sunday pictures, and then we read some book—'The Pilgrim's Progress' last summer; we sat all together in the Abbey, outside the Deanery door, to read it, and people who came to walk there used to look with pleasure at that happy company. I can see little Chatty's look of delight as she ran for

the big book, and found the place. After our return from Ireland we read the 'Infant Pilgrim's Progress,' and had begun 'Naomi,' by Mrs. Webb. Shall I ever forget their delight when they found that this Jewish girl was to become a Christian, and that the aged woman whom she met, and who instructed her, was Mary, the sister of Lazarus! They seemed in a wonderful manner to realise the blessedness of such converse. About that point in the book our Sunday readings came to an end by the five being taken to that land where Mary is, and by it being given them at once to taste the fulness of the blessings which even in dim shadow gave them such joy. When Craufurd and I next read that book we must think of them as talking with Mary the sister of Lazarus, and perhaps wondering when we also shall join them. After dinner was their time with their father; each one in turn would climb on his knee and say the hymn and psalm they had learned for Sunday. When the little ones were gone to bed, the elder children would sing hymns and chant psalms till their bed-time came.

On ordinary days they were ready for their governess at half-past eleven till dinner-time; the happy faces in that schoolroom, the quiet industry and regular progress in all they had to learn, we shall never forget. At half-past one they dined with us, then drove or walked; about four they came in and went at once untold to prepare the lessons for the next day. The delight of these darlings was to do this in their father's study; they would lie down without disturbing him, and dearly did he love the little hum which, like a sweet song, soothed him in his own work. After their tea, for an hour before our dinner, they had a happy time with me.

Many and many are the books we have read together

at this time, and much was the work accomplished; the book left unfinished is 'The Young Voyager,' by Reid; the works left half done were two shirts for Craufurd by Catty and May, my Chatty's beautiful patchwork, and little Frances's beads as she last strung them. I remember now with sad delight the untiring energy with which this little company would work for the poor. Catty and May requested at Christmas to make a shirt for a poor man whose daughter was blind; in a fortnight it was done and given by their own dear hands when the person came for it. Chatty had made several pillow-cases, which Craufurd and Frances would tear paper to fill. Little Frances always came down at dinner, and would sit quite quiet by me at table with her toys or pictures. How pretty she used to look, dressed for the evening, with her 'lots of light hair' in rich curls down that fair neck, in her white frock and blue sash. Chatty would take her place when she went,—lovely Chatty, sweet picture of heavenly beauty. After dinner Catty, May, and Craufurd would crowd round their father to hear him read Shakespeare, and would charm him with the intelligence with which they would follow it and seem to recognise at once the historical characters. He had finished to them 'King John,' and has left off in 'Richard II.'

The weeks passed rapidly between our return home and Christmas. We had many friends with us constantly all this time. They came to see the exceeding brightness of that home which, being too bright for this sad world of sin, was soon to be clouded. The work of that earthly home was soon to be ended for five of that happy company; their Heavenly Father has taken them to that 'house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens,' and we who are left desolate without them here, often long to know what is their occupation there.

Early in December, their uncle, Colonel Tait, came to say good-bye before his return to India. He loved the children dearly, and we put them all in a row that he might look from one sweet face to the other; he pictured to himself how he would find them grown on his return home. He gave them each a present, which we had hoped all would be able to show him when he came back. From the day he left them they blended his name in their prayers, earnestly asking that God would give them a happy meeting with him again.

On the Saturday before Christmas our usual party from Scotland came, and a very happy Christmas we had; little did any of us anticipate that this was to be the last on earth for so many. Catty and May, assisted by cousin Nannie, worked hard in their play-hours to get dolls and a cradle ready as a surprise for the little ones. They were in great delight helping me to choose Christmas presents for all. In the morning they sung our Christmas Hymn at prayers, then we went to early Communion, and all those bright faces greeted us on our return; afterwards they went with us to both the other services, and quite entered into the holy joy of the day. Both the services ended, all were summoned to the study,—friends, servants, and children; the latter came in a row, holding by each other's dresses. The table was then uncovered, amid shouts of joy; the children carried the presents prepared to every one, and received many presents themselves. The five little girls had each from us a doll, Craufurd 'The Young Voyagers.' After our dinner the happy group came in, said their Christmas Hymns and Psalms, then helped their uncles to cut the bun they had brought with them from Scotland. We then all went up to the drawing-room, and the choristers came to sing with us hymns

and carols for an hour or so, after which the choristers received their Christmas presents and went down to their supper, returning for family prayers. I looked at our tired little ones as they went happy to bed, and heard from them what a happy Christmas Day they had had. Will the poor old Deanery ever see such bright days again?

They enjoyed much these Christmas holidays, and spent much of their time with us. New Year's Day our darlings gave for us to the poor the clothes we had prepared for that day; this was a great pleasure to them. Towards the end of January we had our Night-School Feast, and keen was the enjoyment; no one present will ever forget the dear children on that day. The day after, their father went to Edinburgh for a fortnight, and I with cousin Nannie took these darlings into close companionship. He returned for Lent on Shrove Tuesday. As we were all gathered round him after dinner, the medical man came in to tell us of our Bishop's sudden death.[1] I had taken the little ones away when I saw by his face he had some sad news. The shock was great, and cast a sadness over us. The following Sunday I took my darlings to church, morning and afternoon, for the last time; little Chatty sat close beside me to look over my book, and her face of heavenly brightness was kept fixed on mine, that she might join in the Psalms, which she could not read quick enough to follow them herself. Dear Catty helped Craufurd to attend by pointing out all the service to him. They all seemed to me very attentive, and it was a great cause of thankfulness that they did seem so really to love God's service on earth. My May said to

[1] Bishop Percy, our kind friend.

me after Chatty's death, 'I could not help looking at you, dear mamma, that last Sunday, and wondering when dear mamma's place would be empty in church.' Ah! my May, you were never again to be by mamma in church. Most Sundays we went, after church, to see the progress made in rebuilding the Cathedral,[1] but we did not go that Sunday. In the evening I read with them as usual, but felt poorly. I was able to remain with them till their bed-time; my darling Catty stayed a little longer with me than the others. She looked distressed when she thought I was not well, so I folded her in my arms and sent her to bed. Ah! my Catty, what you would have suffered if God had taken your mother from you that night! But no; that fearful parting has been ours; now, when death comes, it will restore us to our darlings again. After they had left us that night, I talked to dear cousin Nannie till their father came up tired from his last Sunday night-class. When he had finished his tea, I asked him to take me into the nursery. I watched a few minutes beside my Chatty, Susan, and Frances in their three beds side by side, kissed them each, and dear Craufurd in his corner bed, then went to my darling Catty and May in their own room, watched and kissed them for a few minutes with tender anxiety, then went rapidly to my own room, never again to visit that unclouded nursery. When next I went there, one bed was gone, and its little inmate lay alone in my room, waiting for her last quiet resting-place. That night, soon after one, our little Lucy was born, February 11th, 1856. Next morning their father went with the same happy heart he had so often gone with

[1] The Cathedral was at this time being restored, and the ordinary service was held in the Fratry or Chapter-house.

before, to tell his darlings of their new treasure. Great was their delight. He took them the same day to see their little sister, as I was not strong enough to be allowed to show her to them. Susan clapped her baby hands, and said, 'Pet, pet.' After the first week was well over, they again were a good deal with me: the little ones would come in turns to my breakfast—first one, and then two, and then three at a time, and sit by me on the bed. Dear Catty and May came on the Sundays and read some book to me while I had breakfast. On the week-days these dear girls would creep in whenever opportunity allowed, and read to me. I see them now sitting on the box beside my bed, one with her work, the other with her book, reading in a clear, sweet voice, and I watched their good intelligent faces with delight, and felt that I needed no one else except their dear father to cheer the hours of quiet recovery. On Sunday, the 24th, third in Lent, I was on my sofa for the afternoon. Dear May had a little attack of asthma, so she and Craufurd stayed to read the service with me, that we might join in it while it was going on in church. That week, as I was stronger, they began to gather round me again for their afternoon work and reading. They were very good, and we all enjoyed greatly these times. Aunt Lizzie came to stay with us at this time, and found the little party gathered round me. She could hardly realise that we had so many, but I told her it was indeed true that we now had seven, and each a full source of joy. Sunday, 2d March, fourth in Lent, was a day of gladness such as we shall never know on earth again. With my breakfast came my Catty. May and Craufurd took their place each on my bed, read and talked with me till time to go to church. As they left to get ready, Chatty opened the door to get a

Prayer-Book, and seemed to me in her exceeding beauty like a vision for a brighter world. She kissed me, and then ran off to church, saying, 'It is my turn to stay with you this afternoon.' Little Frances, finding the coast clear, came to see pictures on my bed; she looked from one to another. When she came to any solemn picture, she said, 'You will tell me about that sad picture when I grow bigger.' 'Am I growing bigger, dear mamma?' None of the pictures would pacify her till I could find for her the one of the Good Shepherd carrying and leading the lambs. When once this was found, she was content to go to bed and leave me alone to seek from the Good Shepherd blessings for those little ones, which I know He has now given them in rich abundance. For the afternoon service, Catty, Craufurd, and Chatty stayed with me, and read the service, the latter looking over my book. When this was ended, we sang some hymns. Chatty said, 'I know quite well, "Oh! that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more!" "Behold a Stranger at the door."' Catty chose the latter, and we sang it. I then showed them the Sunday pictures. Taking up one of St. Stephen, I said he was a martyr. Chatty said, 'What is a martyr?' I said, 'One who was called upon to die for Jesus Christ.' Craufurd said even little children were martyrs. I, putting my arm round Chatty, said, 'Yes, even such little ones as Chatty died gladly, that they might go to be with Jesus.' She looked up with a look I never shall forget, it was so sweet. Yes, my little lamb was ready for her Saviour's call! Before the week was half over, she was with Him.

I read 'Naomi' to the other children for a little while, and they all placed themselves in a row in the passage, to have the great pleasure of seeing dear

mamma walk again—for the first time since little Lucy's birth—into the drawing-room. I was too tired to wish them good-night separately, and Catty and May sang one sweet hymn before they went to bed. On Monday dear Chatty and Susan were on my bed together at breakfast, full of fun as I played with them; but, as Chatty was lifted off to go out, I said to her nurse I thought her pale. They all drove out together, and their father rode after them and gave them leave to get out and play with their dear little playmates the Wordsworths. Alas! little ones, it was your last play together, but quite as bright as any that had gone before. When they came home, I came to the drawing-room, and found them ready for me to read to them. Catty and Chatty sat upon two chairs side by side; the elder was helping the little one with some patch-work she was anxious to finish. A pleased and most sweet look of love lighted up the face of each. I watched them for a few minutes, and said to some one who was near me, 'Did any one ever see two such sisters?' and a vision of brightness never to be realised came over me, of life going on with these most sweet daughters, for every one of whom seemed to open a field of unusual promise. It has opened in brightness indeed, but they are hidden for a season from our eyes. When I had read for a time, I said, 'My Chatty, you look tired.' She said, 'I am, dear mamma,' and, kissing me, went off to her little bed. Catty and May stayed in turns and read to me while I had dinner. Next morning, when Mrs. Peach came with my breakfast, she told me that May had a bad cold, and would stay in bed, and that Chatty had been sick, and was not well, but she had given her some medicine, and would keep her quiet, and that in a few hours she

thought she would be well. She continued a little poorly all day, and at four in the afternoon, when I went to the drawing-room, I asked Mrs. Peach to bring her to me, as she was then up. When she came she looked little, and seemed weak and hot, also a look about her eyes gave me a feeling of anxiety. I put her little chair beside me, and Catty gave her a parcel containing the little book, 'The Woodman and his dog Cæsar,' which we had got for her as a reward for having learnt so quickly to read. She was pleased with it, looked at the pictures, but seemed very languid, as if she could not bear noise. I put her on the sofa, and she went to sleep. When she awoke I took her in my arms; she was very hot, and seemed quite poorly. I sent for Mrs. Peach, and said she should not return to the nursery. (Ah! sweet lamb, you had seen your nursery for the last time.) We agreed that a little bed should be made by the side of my bed, which was done. She was put to bed, and soon went off into so sound a sleep that we felt hopeful that morning would find her much as usual. When she was gone the other children came, and we had our reading, 'The Young Voyagers,'—the last reading. I went to bed at ten, but could not sleep; why, I know not. Their father, who had been dining out, came to see me and to pray with me before he left me. We neither of us felt uneasy about our Chatty. Yet a sadness seemed resting upon me. She slept most of the night, but was rather restless at times, and thirsty when awake. All night I lay listening to each sound she made, and Mrs. Peach came to her several times and gave her a drink, which she took nicely, and did not seem to have a bad sore throat. Once or twice in the night I heard her say 'Where? where?' as if angels told her of a brighter home ready for her. Towards

morning, but still in a deep sleep, she raised herself in her little bed, and in a voice which told its tale to my poor heart, she said the following prayer, her usual prayer for night:—'O my God, teach me to love Thee. O my God, teach me to pray. O my God, keep me from sin. Pray God to bless me, make me a good and holy child, and keep me to Thy heavenly kingdom. Forgive me all my sin. Teach me to know and love my Saviour Jesus Christ, who, when on earth, suffered little children to come unto Him, and whose child I was made at my baptism. Bless my dear father and mother, my dear brother Craufurd, and my sisters. Bless my dear little baby, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Our Father,' etc.

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Sleep I now, wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.'

She lay quiet for a little time, and then in a voice of exceeding clearness she said the poem she had been learning the day before.

I felt much alarmed, and a weight of sorrow came on my heart; it was the first time that a sense of danger for any of my children came over me. I heard her father come into his dressing-room, and rapped for him to come to me. He came at once, and was much distressed and astonished to find me crying. I said, 'Our Chatty is ill; I am not easy about her: will you send for Mr. Page?' He tried to comfort me, and said he would not go to the School, but would remain and see Mr. Page. After our morning prayer he left me, and my darling awoke; she seemed better, looked like herself. I said to her, 'My Chatty, you have said your prayers.' She said, 'No, dear mamma, but may I say

them with you?' She then said them, much the same as what she had said in her sleep, but waited for my prayer before she ended. My prayer for each of them ever was—'O Lord, bless this dear child to-day, keep her to Thy heavenly kingdom. Prepare her for all Thou hast prepared for her; order all the circumstances of her life and death as Thou shalt see best for her; only keep her Thine for ever, and suffer her not for anything the world can give to fall away from Thee, and give us grace and strength to bring her up for Thee.'

I little thought that in a few hours after I was to kneel to give her up to that dear Saviour for ever; but so it was. She seemed tired when she had finished her prayer, and lay back to rest, but when her breakfast came she sat up and seemed to enjoy it. Dear Catty came in to see me and ask how Chatty was. Chatty looked pleased to see her and said, 'Would you like a bit of my bread and butter, dear Catty?' I did not wish her to go near, and said, 'No, darling, but she shall find you your doll.' She seemed pleased at the thought of her Christmas doll, and said Catty would find it in her drawer. When found, I laid it beside her; she looked at it for a few moments and then took no more notice of it. Mr. Page came, looked at her, asked if she had had measles. Upon our saying 'Yes,' he said, 'Then most likely she is going to have the scarlet fever; separate the other children.' From that moment they were placed in rooms at the far end of the house, and had no communication with those near Chatty. She sat up when Mr. Page was gone, and said in her clear voice, 'Mr. Page has been here.' The bell for morning service was over, and being their usual time for going out, she said, 'Peachie, where are the others?' 'They are gone out, dear.' 'I want to go to them,' she said,

creeping gently down her little bed. Mrs. Peach said, 'No, Chatty, dear, and lifted her into bed. She lay quiet for a few minutes and then sat up and began to look at the pictures she was so fond of, and soon after, looking at me in a strange, wild manner, began to open her mouth in a fearful way. I was alone with her, and rang for Mrs. Peach, who came in a moment, gave her a drink, and would not let me see her till the spasm was over; she then moved her bed to the bottom of mine, and she lay quite quiet while I finished my dressing. Mrs. Peach then helped me into the next room to nurse the baby, and her father came and sat by our darling. A weight was on our hearts, a fear of coming ill. She looked most sweet as I left the room, and a moment after, looking up at her father, she said, 'I must go away.' Yes, darling, away from your happy home on earth to that much brighter home above, to that portion of those heavenly mansions ready for us: and not long to be separated from those sweet playmates of your earthly home, who had made it so dear to us! I had not been with baby five minutes when I heard a noise that alarmed me in the next room, and giving the poor baby to cousin Nannie, I ran to my Chatty. What was the matter, at first, I could not make out, until Mrs. Peach said, 'Dear Chatty is in a fit.' We had every assistance that could be given at once; she was put into a bath, and I cut off the sweet soft hair I loved so well to stroke. She seemed, to a certain extent, to come to herself, but never altogether. Mr. Page saw her constantly, and Mrs. Peach never left the side of her darling. We kept a watch of agony, but strove to have no will but His who had lent us this little lamb. Dear cousin Nannie, who had loved this little one with a most tender love, and dear aunt Lizzie, watched with

us during those sad hours. About six o'clock I was absent from the room, when Mrs. Peach came to me, and said Chatty had known and kissed her. I went soon to her, and she gave one sweet kiss. She was frequently sick, and would say in a gentle voice, 'Sick again;' but between-times she lay quiet, and did not seem to suffer. So went on these anxious hours. Between ten and eleven I put on my dressing-gown to nurse my baby, and while I was weeping over her, her father came in. I told him I feared we must part with our Chatty, and that if it was brain fever we ought not to wish her life. He did not seem at that time quite to think that she must go. I went back to her room much exhausted, as I had but little strength; those around feared for me, and begged me to get a little rest. Mrs. Peach looked at me and said, 'You have a husband and many more children, for their sake do rest.' In order not to increase their anxiety I consented to go for a short time, but before leaving her I knelt down beside her to seek for strength to give up this darling, should this be her call home. I lay down a few moments, and thought how, most likely, her journey was almost over, how easily she had run her race, and continued as much as I could in prayer for her. Her father came in; he knew now his darling must go, and his dear heart was torn with bitter grief. A sudden call at the door took us again to our room, in which our Chatty lay; she was just about to breathe her last, when we all knelt down, and he read the prayer commending her spirit to Him who had but lent it to us, and who now had come to take her to Himself. It was one o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 6th of March that this precious one left us. The case had been a very startling one, but as none of the usual symptoms of scarlet fever had

appeared, I clung to the hope that it was brain fever, and tried thus to quiet my anxiety about the other children; also, they had been separated so entirely and at once, that unless they had all taken infection together, we thought we need not fear. Still anxious thoughts would come. Our spirits were calm that night, yet full of anguish, and her father rose early to go with heavy tidings to his happy nursery. It was but three weeks since he had taken the happy tidings of little Lucy's birth, and he knew not how he should tell them of their loss. He found his dear Catty combing her long hair; May was in bed, in their own little room; Craufurd, Frances, and Susan, dressing in the nursery. He took all, except little Susan, into Catty and May's room, and told them that their little Chatty was gone from them, that the Good Shepherd had come for her, and taken her in His arms to heaven. Catty and Craufurd cried very much; dear May was very still; she did not say much,—her quiet mind seemed at once to embrace the gain of death. It was necessary for me to keep my bed most of that day. We went in quite early to see the lifeless form of our beloved child. There she lay, in the room in which I had given her birth; but that day I felt indeed the spirit was gone, and the little form before us looked so different now the bright spirit which had breathed through it, and given it such exceeding beauty, had flown to a region far more suited for it than this world of sin and sorrow. After praying beside her, we went back to our own room, and I to my bed. We then determined, as we knew not what might be before us, that we would have the baptism of our sweet babe in private before our mourning family that day. It had been fixed for the 13th, dear Catty's birthday, if I was strong enough to go out, and had

earnestly been looked forward to by all the children. When dear Chatty had been brought to me poorly on Tuesday, I said, 'Chatty, darling, I hope you will be quite well before Catty's birthday.'

I remained in bed till the afternoon, trying to realise all that had happened, feeling the greatness of our loss, also the blessedness of having our sweet little one in heaven. At four o'clock I dressed and went into the drawing-room. All the darlings were brought to me before the servants came up. Catty and Craufurd clung to me as if they never would bear to leave me again; they were weeping bitterly. I had to invite my sweet May to take her place on my lap. Frances came next, a little graver, but still merry as merry could be. What did she know of death? I took her on my lap, pressed her to me, put back her long light curls and said, 'O my Frances, how glad I am you are such a sweet earthly child!' Then came my baby Susan, looking so like Chatty that as I took her in my arms I said, 'Surely you were given constantly to remind me of my Chatty.' The little one looked at me and with her joyous baby voice said, 'Chatty, Chatty; Pet, Pet.' All were now ready for the baptism, and the servants came. Mrs. Peach brought in the little baby, put her in my arms, and held Frances herself; Miss Godding, our governess, had Susan; Catty, May, and Craufurd were all close by me. One place alone was empty, and this we felt was bitterness enough, but it made us cling more entirely to those still left. Their father came in, read the Service, and baptized his babe, gave her back to me, and after the thanksgiving for the reception of this our little 'Lucy Sydney Murray' into Christ's Church on earth, we all joined, though with bitter tears, in thanksgiving for the reception of our sweet Chatty

into Christ's Church in heaven. It was a sweet, solemn service, and one that I felt sure the elder children would ever remember with a holy and blessed awe. When all was over, the little ones were taken to bed, and I was left alone with my three darlings, Catty, May, and Craufurd. We were trying to feel as cheerful and happy as we could. I was much struck with their simple loving faith, and their earnest desire to comfort us. Dear Catty said, 'Mamma, would you read us "The Lost Jewels"?' It seemed to have made a strong impression on her mind. All heard it with the deepest interest, and I then read to them the following poem :—

'"What shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For Thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe! There was an answering voice
That night in dreams! "Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast, fed with the dews of love:
Lend me that flower, such flowers there are in Heaven."
But there was silence, yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance! "Thou hast a little harp;
How sweetly would it swell the angels' hymn!
Yield me that harp." Then rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain! Morn came, a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain and woke,
And the young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony! Again the voice
That stirred the vision: "He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver,"—so she raised
Her gushing eyes, and ere that tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled, and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.'

Their father was at dinner; they wished for him to hear it. I said they should ask him to come when he had finished, but could Catty bear to see him cry?—a cloud on his dear face ever brought such grief to her. He came, and she would have both read to him again. Friday, I had at the same time a little sweet talk with them, and felt now that we had a distinct schoolroom and nursery, three in each; the little link between the two was gone. Our little funeral was to be on Monday. Everything was arranging beautifully for it to be conducted with as sweet an atmosphere of love and hope as we could throw around it. Only those who knew and loved the little one were to have any part in taking her to her quiet resting-place. The children were most anxious to follow her, and so it was to be, if I was strong enough, which I quite hoped I should be. Before that day came we had to learn a solemn lesson, that we cannot choose the circumstances of our grief. Saturday, I felt much stronger. We were having the picture taken of our darling. She looked most lovely, but was to be closed in her coffin that night. The children were to gather flowers from their own little gardens to be put in her hands. This they did early in the afternoon. About four I went into the nursery, for the first time since the night of Lucy's birth. They were all in high play, sleeves and frocks turned up. They looked the very picture of health and happiness. I sat and watched them a little time, and thought, that of all they would at their games miss Chatty the least. It is mamma that will miss you, sweet gem. I told them after tea to come down to the study, and bring their flowers for Mrs. Peach. They all came and gathered round us. Cousin Nannie and aunt Lizzie, as well as their father, were present. Miss Godding had

sweet Susan in her arms. Mrs. Peach brought in the flowers sent by Mrs. Wordsworth, as her little offering of love to that child she had loved so well. Mrs. Peach had made a beautiful wreath. I said, It is like her birthday wreath. Catty stood near Mrs. Peach, who was going to put the wreath on Catty's head for the others to see. Her father pulled her away, saying rapidly, 'No, not on Catty!' a feeling evidently coming to his heart that to connect his eldest born with death was more than he could bear. They brought forward little Susan, and the wreath made for Chatty was put on her head. Alas! the flowers which she was to wear also were in that basket. Cousin Nannie looked at her in her loveliness, and said to herself, 'Are they ready to give you up also?' I hardly took notice of this little scene at the time, but it has been told me since. . . . Mrs. Peach received the flowers they had made ready, put them in the basket, and went away. Again we remained with the three elder children. Catty was in floods of tears, but finding sweet hymns for me to read; and we shall never forget her look, nor how in heart and mind she seemed to follow her Chatty to that heavenly home. Her father was distressed at seeing her grief, and took her into the schoolroom to talk and pray with her; he then took each of the others in turn, and seemed greatly to enjoy that sweet communion with them. About ten o'clock I went to the nursery, hoping to see them all asleep. Little Frances was in Catty's bed wide awake. I said, 'My Francey, are you not asleep?' She looked up and said, 'I've never had my 'scut.' I sent Martha down for her biscuit, and stayed a minute or two to see if she was quite well. I went into the sleeping nursery; one little bed was gone. Craufurd and Susan were fast asleep; Catty was not. I

said, 'Darling, are you quite happy?' She said, 'Yes, dear mamma, I shall soon be asleep.' I took her in my arms and kissed her, then laid her gently down to sleep. I had anxiety in my own mind about her, lest the presence of death should impress her over-sensitive mind too much. I went to my own room, and got ready to have our last look at that little form which was that night to be closed from mortal sight. Her coffin was on her little bed, and she lay within it, looking most lovely, with the wreath of flowers round her head, another on her breast, and others placed all over her. All had been thus arranged by the loving hand of her who had taken the sweet one from her birth, and now, with a heart torn with sorrow, had performed for her the last sad offices. Catty's and May's little offerings were in her two hands, Craufurd's on her breast. We knelt beside that form in agony, for it was hard to part with her; but strength was given: we felt Whose hand had given, and now had taken, her. We know that we shall have her again, though not in this world.

Sunday morning came. My husband said he would read as much of the service at home as he thought I should have strength for. I was to be ready by half-past eleven. He said, 'What shall we do about the dear children? Shall they have their Sunday-school?' I said, 'Leave that to themselves.' After prayers dear Catty came to him and said, 'Papa, might we stay with you this morning and have our Sunday-school, while you are at breakfast? and may we keep Susan?' Leave was given for both. Catty was mistress. She put May first, then Craufurd; left Chatty's place vacant; then Frances, and last of all little Susan, whom they did not usually keep in their class as she was so young. The sweet babe with a merry laugh looked at the vacant

place and said, 'Chatty! Chatty!' and would run to occupy it herself. Catty tried to make her understand that she must not go there. It was in vain: Chatty's place and no other would little Susan occupy. At the time fixed I came into the drawing-room, feeling pretty well, but tired from dressing. My husband read the Litany with the whole household; then, seeing me tired, he sent the servants away. I said, 'Will you get down the large Bible, and let the dear children read the lessons?' He put it down on a chair for them, and they sat on three little stools, their voices sounding so sweet as they read the holy words. Just then there rushed to my heart a feeling of separation from them which I could not bear, and an intense faintness. They were at once sent out of the room, and help procured for me. What was coming? New trial, *that* I felt sure of—more separation. Was I, by a sudden stroke, to be taken and they left? It seemed to me likely to be so that Sunday; its hours passed solemnly, as I walked about the passage leaning on my husband's arm, or lay on the sofa, unable to fix my thoughts. I was better towards evening; Miss Godding came in with my Susan in her arms, radiant in beauty; she said, 'I could not let her go to bed until you had seen her.' I kissed her and said, 'I must not see any more to-night; it is too much for me, I cannot bear it.' The child had been at tea in Mrs. Peach's room, and running down the passage shortly after, she had turned round. Mrs. Peach caught a glimpse of her face, lighted up with the beauty of heaven, now very near her, and said to herself, 'Is that one meet for heaven?' She was put to bed in perfect health, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Cousin Nannie had been much with the others; it had been to all a heavy

anxious day. Towards evening she went with them to the schoolroom; she said, 'Would it not be nice to sing something?' Catty said, 'O yes! so nice!' flew out of the room, found the book she wanted, opened it at this hymn, and all together they sang it with an earnestness of voice and manner which will not soon be forgotten:—

'Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh! that, etc.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From many an Infant School.
Oh! that, etc.

Teachers, too, will meet above,
And our parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh! that, etc.

Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
Oh! that, etc.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh! that,' etc.

Their father heard them all say their prayers together that night. Towards evening I again felt very faint, and with a feeling of exceeding dread upon me. Mr. Page was sent for at my desire; he told me I was well, and so were all the rest, he was thankful to find, and going down-stairs with the Dean they continued some time talking, as both considered an immediate change would be good for us all. Meantime I went to sleep, and awoke in the morning at first feeling well, but in a few minutes the faintness and the dread returned again. It was the morning of my Chatty's funeral. I felt I dare not go. Mr. Page came in, and the Dean with him. The former said, 'It will be too cold for you to go, and I think the children had better not.' Before I had time to reply, he said, 'Do you know the child Susan is ill?' I said, 'No; is it fever?' He said, 'I fear it is.' At once I felt quite well myself, and this came like light to my mind, 'We are in God's hands.' I inquired about the other children. They were all well, separated again at once with every care. If permission could be got, they were to go to another house with their governess. Meantime they were in the dining-room, and no one from the nursery was to go near them. Mrs. Peach had the charge of dear Susan, and was nursing her; the rash was coming out in a nice, healthy form, and Mr. Page thought she was likely to do very well. I sent word to Mrs. Peach that I should remain quiet in bed till the funeral of my darling was over; that then I should dress and go down to the other children, and I would not see my Susan till everything was arranged for them, as I should not like to see them when I had once been with her. I heard afterwards that little Susan had slept well till between one and two, when she awoke sick. Miss

Godding lifted her out of her little bed and gave her to Craufurd, while she ran for Mrs. Peach. The sickness passed away, and she seemed pretty well, but would not go back to her own bed; so Craufurd was put with Frances, and she lay in Miss Godding's arms. Mrs. Peach left them, but soon went back. All were asleep, except little Susan, who was wide awake, and looked lovely; she was lying quite quiet in Miss Godding's arms, and, hearing Mrs. Peach coming, said, 'Peachie, Peachie.' About five Miss Godding sent word to Mrs. Peach that the child seemed hot and poorly. Mrs. Peach went at once to her, got little Frances out of the room as soon as she awoke, and sent them all downstairs to the schoolroom under the care of their nursery-maid. She then dressed little Susan, and sat with her in the day-nursery by the fire. The rash came out nicely, and the child seemed to have it well. At twelve o'clock I heard the carriages come to take my Chatty to her quiet resting-place. I got up and went to my window, and saw the little coffin carried out. Her father and aunt Lizzie followed it, then Mr. Page. In heart and mind I followed, but not in body; joined in the silence of my own chamber in that solemn Service, and then strove to realise the gain for my beloved lamb, and sought for strength for what might yet be before us. Meantime the little ones had, from the schoolroom window, seen their Chatty taken away; then dear Catty called them together, and finding the Service, the sweet babes all joined together in it by themselves. When I came down to them an hour afterwards, dear Craufurd said, 'We read the Service together, but it was so short that Catty read us the two last chapters of the Revelation;' thus did the darling girl, of her own accord, try to raise them all to the thoughts of that

unseen world on which one of their little company had entered. It was a sad meeting I had with these dear children, for very heavy was the weight on my heart as I looked at them, and felt that death might be among them.

They asked at once eagerly about Susan. 'How is she, dear mamma?' 'Going on well, I trust, darlings.' 'What is the matter with her?' 'I fear it is scarlet fever,' I said. 'Was it scarlet fever that Chatty died of?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I suppose it was; now Susan has it; though we hoped it had not been so.' 'Will Susan die?' Craufurd said; 'for you know scarlet fever is quite like a plague, and carries off whole families.' It alarmed me a good deal that they should have that impression, and I spoke to them as cheerfully as I could, telling them that that was not often the case, that dear Susan was doing very well, and I trusted it would please God soon to make her quite well again. I said they should now all go out, and in a few minutes all were in the garden and at play, 'as full of joy as if on earth were no such thing as death.'

Meantime I had safe beds brought down-stairs for them, as the messenger could not return from Keswick, whither we hoped to remove them, till between ten and eleven. After dinner I looked in; all were asleep; then, for the first time, I went to my sweet babe. She did look lovely,—her beautiful eyes bright with fever, her chestnut curls in clusters round her head, and a light from heaven on her darling face. When she awoke, and saw me, she clasped her hands, and said, 'Mamma, Mamma,' and then asked for 'Chatty, Chatty,' and 'Pet, Pet,'—which was the name she had given the baby from the first moment she saw her. She seemed to think, since she missed Chatty from her

nursery, that I had her, as well as baby, who had never yet taken her place in the nursery. Mrs. Peach looked very tired, and I took the sweet one in my arms, and asked if she would not put her into her little bed, for I said, 'I am sure she will sleep better, as she is not accustomed to be nursed.' We got the little bed moved in. Mr. Page came, looked at my Susan, and said, 'That child is doing very well; she could not have it better.' We were cheered by this account, and I promised soon to go to bed. When he was gone, as I hushed her in my arms, I sang a lullaby to her, and she joined in it in quite a loud, sweet voice, keeping both time and tune. I then left her, and went to our own room to go to bed. The Dean was with me, and while we were praying together after the sorrow and anxiety of the day, Mrs. Peach came to the door to say the Dean was wanted. I waited a few minutes, and as he did not return, went to little baby in the nursery close by, and asked what the Dean was wanted for, and where he was. The poor nursery-maid seemed as if she could not tell me. At length she got out, 'In the nursery.' I ran there also, but only to find my Susan in a fit. When all seemed doing well, it had come in a moment, and, after Chatty's case, hope left us at once. Everything that man could do was done. Mr. Page was with us in a few minutes, and tried everything, but in vain; the little lovely one lay unconscious, first in Mrs. Peach's arms till three in the morning, when she was quite exhausted from her long and anxious watch, and then in mine. The little body was quite stiff, the arms and legs twitching, the eyes open, but no sight for anything more in this world. At five o'clock Mrs. Peach took her again, and I, feeling very ill, went to my own room and lay down. At seven, her father

came to tell me he thought our darling would not be with us many more minutes. I rose in haste, and went with him. It was a sight full of agony; the conflict with death was long. Between six and seven more hours we kept our sad watch, expecting every moment that all would be over. It was between one and two when our darling little Susan left our poor home on earth to join her Chatty in the Fold above. She died on Tuesday, March 11th, and in sadness and bitterness of heart we went together to the drawing-room and sat there. I never saw my little lamb again. A few hours after, when her father saw her laid on her little bed, calm and peaceful, the face had regained some of the beauty it had lost in the conflict with death. I never have been able to realise how the other darlings bore the tidings. We were now entirely separated from them, as at seven o'clock in the morning they had been taken to another house. How greatly did this necessary separation increase to us the agony! I longed for communion with those darlings, I longed to strengthen and cheer them, and anxious, most anxious, I felt as to what my Catty might suffer, as I knew she would realise all that was going on, and would long to come to me and her father for help and comfort. But we left her and all of them in God's hand, Who had thus come among us, and was taking to Himself our beautiful ones, whom we had had such delight in training for Him.

On Wednesday the 12th, soon after three o'clock, our little Susan was laid in the same grave which had received her Chatty on the Monday. From one window in my room I saw her carried out, and from the other I saw my darlings at Mr. Gipps's house opposite, looking at me with faces I can never forget. After a few minutes

of watching each other we both withdrew to read again that solemn Service.

Thursday was my Catty's birthday; she was ten years old. Ten years of untold happiness had been ours since she first came. She had opened to be all that our fondest wishes could desire, and what a field of promise lay still before us! It is impossible to tell the help she had been with her sisters and dear Craufurd,—how they were guided by her, and how gentle and sweet her influence was with them. Most happy and holy had all her birthdays been. She used to stay by herself, first with me, and then with Papa, for a little prayer and a few words to help our darling on her heavenward way, and then she always went with us to church—dear child! All this she could not have on her last birthday, but in other respects she had, even though sad, a happy birthday. We allowed her to go with Miss Godding and choose a desk which she wished for as her present from Papa. I sent her a 'Sacred Poetry,' which I knew she would love, and other friends were very kind in sending her little presents. The children had a little feast at their tea, and I went to the window with Papa to look at them. They all looked well and happy, and earnestly we trusted it might please God to spare them; and that in a few days it might be safe for us again to be with them, and that we might move them to a happy country home, and watch over them with greater love and tenderness. Our schoolroom, the three we had brought with us to Carlisle, were still with us, and we knew what a treasure we had in them. We looked sadly on our little Frances as we felt that one on each side of her was gone; still, she was very bright, too young to miss them, and baby was given to take, as it

were, little Susan's place on earth, and we could think calmly, though sadly, of those two sweet ones bearing each other company in the kingdom of their Saviour in heaven, and perhaps watching over the beloved ones they had left.

Darling Francie had been anxious for some little time that I should teach her to read and to work, and I pictured to myself the comfort I should find in this occupation. But this was not to be. Friday I watched them from the Deanery windows as they walked together in the Abbey, and in the afternoon went to look at them through the window of Mr. Gipps's house. All sprang to the window and held up the pictures they were painting for us to see. Little Frances was very anxious that we should admire her donkey, but Mamma's eyes were fixed on *her*, and sweet she looked, and very well. We wished them all good-night, and early in the morning received good accounts of them all. It was Saturday, March 15th. After our sad trouble I felt most anxious again to go to church. I had been absent four Sundays; so we talked together about this, and wondered if it would be right—if we might venture—and determined to refer the matter to Mr. Page, who would soon come in.

On Wednesday, just before the funeral of our little Susan, we had removed dear cousin Nannie to a nice quiet lodging near, in which she could be kept out of the fearful currents of air which we now kept in the Deanery to prevent infection; also it seemed desirable to disperse as much as possible, as, though we hoped the best, no one could tell what might be before us.

About eleven o'clock that Saturday morning the Dean came back to the drawing-room and Mr. Page with him. I was just beginning to ask about our going to church,

when he said, 'No, dear, that is taken out of our hands, for we fear Frances is ill.' She had been sitting on Catty's knee after breakfast, hearing a story, when she was taken with sudden sickness. My Catty turned very pale and called Miss Godding. Kind Miss Godding immediately took the little one up to a separate room, and sent for Mr. Page, having got a nurse to stay with the others. Mr. Page found dear little Frances looking pale. She heard the others at play in the room under hers, and asked if she might have some of Catty and May's beer (this was what she would always call the port wine which Mr. Page had given them as medicine twice a day, to strengthen them), that she might be well and go and play with them at lions. Mr. Page said she should remain as she was a few hours that we might know if it was to be fever or not; if it should prove so, he advised us to place her in our own room, as being so very large and airy, and having also been thoroughly fumigated and cleaned, and kept open ever since our darling Chatty had been taken from it on the Monday. It was got ready, and with anxious hearts we waited. After a few hours we were told the rash was coming out nicely; but, alas! it was indeed the fever! What a new field of anxiety did this open to us, for now it was evident that the separation to another house had been of no avail. Mrs. Peach went over and brought the dear little Frances to the room got ready for her. Miss Godding took a warm bath, changed all her clothes, washed her hair, and again resumed the charge of her schoolroom children.

I was ready to receive my pet, who was in great spirits and delighted to come again to us. She asked me at once about the pictures she had seen that last happy Sunday, and wanted to know if they would be

hers. Again I fondly hoped that we might nurse her not only in sickness, but in recovery, and thought how nice it would be to show her pictures and talk to her. This bright little child had become of great value indeed to us from the others being gone, and we knew well how great a pet she was with our darling Catty. I cut off at once the dear child's beautiful long light hair; having kept one lock I burned the rest. She was pleased at having it cut, and said when she was big she would have lots of long black hair, but she would not like hair so very black as Miss Godding's. She was excited with fever, and talked almost without ceasing. I gave her her Christmas doll to keep her quiet, and she was delighted with it, laid it cosy up beside her, and everything given to her the doll must share. When I was gone out of the room, she said to Mrs. Peach, 'Peachie, do you know that Chatty and Susan are gone to God? and if I am good I shall go also,—Catty told me so.'

We made her bed for her, and laid her down, tried to keep her as quiet as we could, and waited anxiously, fearing lest the disease should attack the head, as it had done with the other two. She continued quite herself all Saturday, but very much excited, talking over everything she could remember in her little life, asking when her new birthday would come, and drawing in her own mind pictures of what it would bring her, and the feast she would make with the others. Her birthday has come and gone since then! but it was not given to us on it to see her happy face, or to know the joys into which our darling has entered. She heard from her bed a dog bark, and said to me, 'Mamma, is that Mr. Merryman's dog?' She had seen Mr. Merryman acting with his dog at St. Andrews the year before, and it was

delightful to us to see how cleverly the little creature would act the dog to make us laugh.

Towards evening she went into a nice sleep, and on Sunday morning when I went to her she was quite quiet, and in rather a torpid state; she was intensely covered with the rash, and the fever was running high, but it now seemed likely to be of a much more natural character than with Chatty and Susan, and we hoped the best. About ten o'clock that Sunday morning Jane came to tell me that dear Catty, May, and Craufurd were having their Sunday-school in the window of Mr. Gipps's house opposite. I went to look at them. It was their last. Sweet Susan, who had taken Chatty's place the Sunday before, had since Tuesday been with her in heaven; and now, was Frances to follow? and how would it be with the others? All this our hearts began anxiously now to inquire.

It was Palm Sunday; dear Catty was greatly distressed that she could not go to church, and asked earnestly if they were not to be allowed to go at all this Passion Week. For some years she and dear May had gone every day of that holy week, and loved also, especially in that week, to work for the poor, and what they then made, they gave at Easter to the poor. That week they were making, each of them, a little frock for the baby of our late cook; they are still unfinished. In consequence of my confinement there had been some delay in getting the print, and, full of energy, they came to me a few days before the illness began, and said, 'Mamma, the baby will be grown up before we make its frocks.' They worked very hard the days they were at Mr. Gipps's house, and the morning my Catty was taken ill she said, 'Miss Godding, will you sit in my room, and get ready my frock-body, and then

if I am a little better this afternoon, I can work at it?'

When the Sunday-school was over that Sunday morning, and the people began to go to church, Miss Godding called them to read the Morning Service; dear May was suffering that day from asthma, and sat on Miss Godding's lap. My Catty said in the evening, when she was alone with Miss Godding, 'I am afraid I was not very good to-day, for I could not help looking at dear May, and thinking of her as she sat on your knee, when you read the lessons.' Ah, my Catty! did you fear a separation from your May, from whom you never had been parted, and now never, never shall be?

About three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Page came in to see little Frances, and said he wished to call in fresh advice,—not that he felt anxious about her, but that after the death of the other two it would be a greater satisfaction to have some one to watch her case with him. He wished for Dr. Christison from Edinburgh, and we telegraphed for him, but found that he could not reach Carlisle till twelve next day. We then sent over to Brampton for Dr. Graham, who came that evening and saw the little girl. He did not think her very ill, and quite agreed in all that was being done for her. She lay oppressed with illness all that day, and was most good and sweet. She would rouse herself at once to take either food or medicine when desired, and when she had taken as much as she could would say, 'No more, thank you, darling Mamma.' She had a restless night, and when morning came she said, as on each other morning, 'Now, Peachie, it is morning; I should like to say my prayer.' We had a more comfortable account of her that morning, and when Dr. Christison came he said she had a sharp attack of scarlet fever,

but he quite thought the child would do well; he approved of all that was being done. The opinion of Dr. Davy, who saw her that day, was the same. We went over to the other children, to cheer them through the window by this account. They were in good spirits, and we all hoped that a few more days would see our darling out of all danger. The Dean's brothers in Edinburgh were anxiously waiting for Dr. Christison's report. He gave much more hope than fear to them, 'But,' he added, 'it is a treacherous disease—none more so.' About ten o'clock, when the doctors came in, she was quiet, and they did not seem uneasy about her. Her father and I were keeping watch with Jane till one, when Mrs. Peach would take our place. Soon after the doctors left she became highly delirious, and so restless we could not keep her in bed; this lasted for some hours, and we became so much alarmed that when Mrs. Peach came we determined again to send for Mr. Page. He came, and had her put in a hot bath. She was so weak that I thought she would sink under it, but when taken out she seemed better, and went into a sweet sleep. We also left her, and much exhausted went to bed. Tuesday she was ill, very ill, highly delirious, and worn out with fatigue. About four I had been out for a little drive, and went to look at my other darlings; they had been with our kind friend Mrs. Dixon to the gardens at Knells, and had brought back some beautiful flowers. My Catty said, 'Oh, mamma, we brought them for you.' I said, 'Keep them for me, darling, I could not bear them now; please God we are a little happier at Easter, I shall so like them.' But when Easter came it brought no flowers to us. I went in and stayed a few moments alone with my little Frances; she was asleep and

quietly so. I knelt down beside her; her life was in the balance, but Who was directing it? Should I take the choice upon myself, and crave at any cost the life of this sweet child now so very precious to us? I thought of the Home in Heaven to which Chatty and Susan were gone, and then thought of the very brightest home I might hope to secure for this little lamb on earth. If her Home in Heaven was ready, should I wish to keep her here? No! I knelt and asked Him who could see all that was before her and us, to do as He saw fit with this our blessed child, and I knew that He would strengthen us.

Night came, and a very anxious night we had, sitting with her till about two in the morning, and then leaving her with Mrs. Peach while we sought a little rest. At eight o'clock next morning Mr. Page came into our room, and with quite a happy look said, 'That child is better.' Our hearts were full of thankfulness, and earnestly we trusted our cup of sorrow was over, and that a little joy and hope would come to us. After a little time I rose and went to her, having a good account of our three darlings in the other house. Alas! she seemed to me no better, but rather worse. Mrs. Peach said, 'I do not think her so well—a change came on as soon as Mr. Page had seen her.'

She continued very restless and suffering all day, but so patient and good; at times highly delirious. The only thing she would take that day was ice, which she called 'Papa's goodies,' but the dear little voice was clouded much, and the throat very, very bad; still she could swallow. At four o'clock the other children returned from a drive with Mrs. Dixon and aunt Lizzie. I went over with their father to see them. Catty looked most beautiful; we could not take our

eyes off her. It seemed now as if every look of health was of untold value to us. Aunt Lizzie came and walked with us, and told us that while out driving some one had stopped the carriage to ask after Frances. When Catty heard her spoken of as in danger, she closed her eyes and lay back in the carriage—that sweet face clouded with an expression of untold sorrow, as if she could not bear it. She said shortly afterwards, 'Does any one ever recover from scarlet fever?' and aunt Lizzie said that while walking with her she clung much to her, and would not loose her hand. Miss Godding has since told me that that night, when the others were gone to bed, my Catty asked that she might read again the chapters Papa had read to them when he told them of their Chatty being taken from them. She did read the last two chapters of Revelation, and thus closed her days of health.

After looking at them for a few minutes through the window, we returned to dear Frances, whose restlessness was now intense. Dr. Davy, who saw her that evening with Mr. Page, thought she would recover. About eight o'clock we were sitting by her; she was worn out with fatigue, and kept saying to herself, 'Oh, I am so tired! I am so tired!' Then I heard her say, as she fell off to sleep, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' Often, very often, we prayed beside our little lamb. She fell off to sleep, but the first hour was a restless and pained sleep, sad to witness; it little by little became calm and very quiet, so that I lay beside her and slept also, while her father watched at the other side. At ten o'clock Mr. Page came in, looked at her for some time as she slept, and felt her pulse. O how we longed to hear him say, 'This sleep is all we can desire; she will awake better'!—but no; he said, 'Can you rouse

her, and give her a little port wine?' I did so, and with her little head on my arm tried to give her some. She made a great effort to take it, but said, 'I can't, I can't.' It was too true; she could not swallow. She had never refused before. Still I hoped it might be that we could not rouse her enough, and that after more sleep she might awake and take what was necessary for her. Mr. Page said with a grave but very kind voice, 'This is a very important night for her; if you can give her at any time a little wine, do so.' I felt at once that he meant to tell us hope was over, and went to Mrs. Peach (who had only been able about two hours before to leave her for a short rest) to tell her all that had passed. She got up at once; as we entered the room the quick, short breathing which precedes death came on. Her father was not prepared for this change; he said at once, 'Oh! something can be done; run for Mr. Page.' He had only just reached home, and returned immediately. We saw by his look that nothing could be done; he watched her a little time, and then desired us to raise the sofa, and that that would ease her breathing. We did so, and she sank to sleep. I walked about the room in agony, not only because I knew now that this precious jewel must go, and that our home must ever miss this merry blessed little one, who had shed such brightness upon it for four years,—my will was subdued enough to feel that at our Father's call we could give up this one also—but we had jewels of untold value still untouched, and how I feared for them! A feeling was on my heart, 'Is all this to prepare us for something much worse?' It was indeed an hour of agony untold, but at length I was calm, and able again to kneel beside my dying child. She slept, and did not suffer; no fear was hers, no

agony! the conflict was over, and Christ Himself near her and us, to take her in His arms and lead her to His Home above, safe with the sweet companions of her nursery. I knelt beside her, with her father close by. Mr. Page, Mrs. Peach, Jane, and Elizabeth all knelt, while her father again read from the Visitation Service the Commendatory Prayer. Mr. Page then left us, and we continued our silent watch one other hour. I held the little burning hand in mine, kneeling beside her, until it became cold, and the eyes, closed now in death, awoke in Heaven. She left us soon after one o'clock on the morning of Maundy-Thursday, March 20th.

Again we left the chamber of death, and sought our own room, perhaps in greater anguish and anxiety for those yet left us, than even for that bright little one who had joined our Chatty and Susan. We had the three in heaven, our little babe to begin our nursery with again, the three eldest, our dear, dear companions. For them we feared. How would they bear the shock? How should we tell them of it? Earnestly we prayed that God would now stay His hand and spare to us the rest. We sought His guidance and protection for them. No doubt He heard that prayer, though He could not grant us what we so earnestly asked for.

We then considered what to do, for morning would soon break, and the closed windows and bell would tell the sad tale. We determined to ask our kind friend Mrs. George Dixon (who for some days had expressed a kind anxiety that we should send Catty, May, and Craufurd to her) to come over early and take them to her house for the day, and then to tell them how it had pleased God to take their Frances also. Accordingly the Dean wrote to her to this effect,

and then gave orders that the windows should not be closed, nor the bell tolled, until they were gone. About four in the morning we went to bed, and slept till six. At seven the Dean got up, anxious to watch for the removal of his three darlings from Mr. Gipps's house. I was alone in bed, and there came to me a feeling of agony and terror; all seemed going from us, and at once. I was above their schoolroom, from which, a few days before, I used to hear the happy, merry voices. Now I heard distinctly a sound of terror. A loud distinct swell from the notes of their piano, and immediately after the little voices seemed calling, 'Papa! Papa!' I knew it was not so, yet distinctly I heard it, and jumping out of bed, ran to my husband. He could not come, so then I said, 'Mrs. Peach, do come and bring the baby.' She came and sat with me a little till my fear left me, and I asked earnestly if the children were gone, and if they had yet been told. No one seemed to know, and nothing could be seen of them, only we saw Martha in the window opposite. Mrs. Peach brought me my breakfast, which I tried to eat, and said, 'Ah! we know now what it is to eat our bread in heaviness and sorrow of heart.' I then said, 'Have you heard yet of the other children?' She said, 'I have not had the heart to ask.' Soon after the Dean came in and Mr. Page—oh, with what tidings!—Catty was ill! She had been sick. Mr. Page promised that we should go to her. I asked where she was, and found she was still at Mr. Gipps's; the others were gone, and would remain with Mrs. Dixon. Mrs. Dixon had received our note as soon as she was called; rose immediately, with much sorrow for us, and went to fulfil the sad office intrusted to her. The children awoke as usual, got up, asked eagerly after little Frances,

and were told that nothing had yet been heard from the Deanery. Catty, while dressing, felt very sick and faint. Miss Godding immediately put her to bed, sent Martha with the others down-stairs, and sent off for Mr. Page. He came at once, and as he reached the door said, 'Who is it?' Miss Godding said, 'Catty.' He said, 'Oh! not Catty.' But, alas! it was. He saw her, ordered her an emetic, and desired she might be kept very quiet.

The others, meantime, were down-stairs alone, and the nurse saw dear May come and lead Craufurd alone into the dining-room, and shut the door; she crept round to the window to see what they were doing; they were kneeling sweetly together at prayer. At this time Mrs. Dixon came. It was a fearful shock to her to find Catty ill, she had left her so very well the evening before. She found that Mr. Page had given orders that we should not be told about Catty till he came again. She took the remaining two back with her, told them about their Frances, and kept them as happy as she could that day. Next day, alas! she was ill herself from anxiety and distress about us, but after a little time, through God's mercy, her attack passed away. Mr. Page came again soon to see dear Catty; she had been very sick; and he found her pulse so much reduced as to cause immediate alarm. He gave her champagne and water, which revived her, and she soon seemed in a more natural state. He came to tell us, and wished her father to go to her; but what could be done about the sad news we had to tell? I urged, at first, strongly, that she should be told, and her father consented to go over and break it to her as gently as he could, and then that I should soon go to her. He went to her. Miss Godding had been sitting

quietly with her, and as soon as the sickness had passed away, she said, 'Miss Godding, it is Thursday in Passion Week, will you read me some of the Service?' The Epistle and Gospel were read to her, and she then said, 'The especial lessons have begun, I can find them;' and, taking the Bible in her own hand, she found them, and gave them to Miss Godding to read to her.

When her father came in she seemed delighted to see him, and asked at once how Frances was. Miss Godding answered so as to evade an answer, and following him out of the room said she felt sure that to tell her would be fatal. He went back and prayed with his darling, and then returned to me. I had been meantime to see the form of my little Frances, as it lay in my room, with a look of unclouded innocence and beauty. I dared not stay too long, as what I craved for now was calmness of spirit to enable me to take my watch beside my first-born,—that child who had called forth within us all that can be called forth of heavenly love and happiness,—that child who had fulfilled our every wish, and who helped us with the others, and did her work in a way wonderful to contemplate. She and May grew together in the most undivided and beautiful way; must they also be separated? Who can tell the agony of our spirits? By the form of our little child we knelt, and sought for calmness and strength, whilst we earnestly sought that the life of our Catty might be granted to our prayers. I then went over, and with calmness, as if I had never been absent from her, took my place beside her. She was very glad to see me, threw her sweet arms round my neck, and asked me to pray with her, which I did. Her hair was all loose about her, that beautiful hair.

I knew it must come off, and said, 'My Catty, is not your hair very hot? shall I cut it off?' She calmly said, 'O yes,' and turned first to one side and then to the other while I cut it off, feeling all the time as if by this act I was giving up my child. I kept a little hair in water and burned the rest. I then sat down beside her; she was quite herself. She said, 'Dear mamma, must I get up to-day and have my bath?' I said, 'No, darling, that would not be good for you.' She said, 'I do not think I could stand.' She then asked about Craufurd and May, where they were, and if they would not come back to sleep with her. I said No, she must be kept quite quiet. The doctors came; I went down-stairs to get my directions, and with deep sadness I said to Mr. Page, 'It is difficult to go to work again with no hope.' He said I must not say this, that there was no cause for it; her age was much in her favour, and he quite hoped now that the disease would be in a milder form. She was now better than she had been a few hours before. I remember little more that day; she slept a good deal, awoke to take what she was ordered; and I, exhausted, lay down and slept beside her. At night Miss Godding and the nurse kept watch. She had a very fair night, and all slept a good deal. Good Friday morning came, and found me again beside her. Her father came to the door, but feared to come in lest he should excite her, and had every hope she would do well. She seemed much stronger than the day before. Dr. Davy saw her at one o'clock, and gave me most comforting hope that she would do well. I tried now to get all the hope I could. I felt that when that quite went, my strength would go also. She had very early in the morning asked for the Service for Good Friday, and Miss Godding had read most of it

to her. I prayed with her, as I always did when I had been a little time away from her; it seemed the only stay we had, for we felt now that human help could not reach us. I then sat beside her, the Prayer-Book in my hand. She said, 'Could you read me the Epistle and Gospel? I have not heard them;' and then, after I had read a portion, she said, 'Dear mamma, shall you go to church to-day?' I said, 'Not this morning, darling, but this afternoon. I am going to thank God for giving us our little Lucy, and for making me well again. Alas! I dared not tell her what other sad office we were going to perform. She then said, 'Will you read me a little of my book?' and taking up a book that lay beside her, she found the place herself and gave it to me. I could hardly read it; it was some story about a little child telling of the death of his brother, and it said—'God wanted another angel to be in heaven, and so he called my brother, and I have had to play alone since then.' I soon stopped, saying, 'Darling, it is not good for you to have much reading at a time.' She said afterwards to Miss Godding, 'I should like to be read to, but dear mamma does not think it good for me, so I had better not.' It was ever thus with my Catty: she would always bend her will to ours at once. About two o'clock in the afternoon of Good Friday she sank to sleep, and I left her with Miss Godding and the nurse, and went over to the Deanery and put on my robes of deep mourning for the first time, not only now for Chatty and Susan, but for Frances also, and to follow her to her little grave. I could not bear to see another carried out and wait in agony at home. No, I felt that by going I might gain a little strength, and that it would comfort us to go together to give to the keeping of our Saviour the little

one we had loved so well, and who now must sleep with her Chatty and Susan till He clothes their mortal bodies with the full beauty of immortality. We feared any sound for our Catty that would tell her what we were again going through, so we would allow no bell to toll, no carriages to come to the door. The great gate of the Abbey was kept closed as at night, and when three o'clock came, we crept out as quietly as possible from the Deanery with our little funeral.

Sweet Catty, did an angel tell you that your Frances also was among the blessed redeemed whom you ever loved to think of and sing about? We had not dared to tell you, but I believe that God Himself had revealed to you the tidings of joy. She slept, but as the coffin which contained the form of her beloved Frances crossed the threshold of our door, she raised herself in her bed, and with a loud voice said, 'Jesus cried, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and Jesus said, Loose him, and let him go.' When she had said this, she lay quite still in a deep sleep. Sadly and solemnly did we meantime follow the lifeless form, and with the same blessed words of comfort and hope laid her in the very grave containing her Chatty and Susan, and then returned to church to give thanks to God for my own deliverance and the birth of my little Lucy. This was indeed a time of sad contrast to any before. When I went, after May's birth at Rugby, Catty was with me. After Craufurd, Catty and May were both beside me, so each time had one more been added. In August 1854, Catty, May, and Craufurd had knelt beside me while dear little Chatty and Frances watched close by, over the little Susan then brought to be baptized. We returned

home in sad anguish of heart, and walked together about our garden. I said to my husband, 'Oh, surely God is not going to take from us all our children!' He said, 'O no; I feel almost sure God will spare us the rest: He will give us back our dear Catty. When Easter dawns, I believe and trust that hope will come back, and we shall see her really better.' We could not contemplate the possibility of our Catty being taken. She was sleeping quietly, and I went to my room to nurse my dear babe. Mrs. Peach brought her, and I said, 'Now I have had the courage to put on these robes and follow my Frances, surely this will be the last; God will spare us Catty!' Then, when alone, earnestly did I crave, from Him who only could help, that thus it might be. When calm and quiet enough to resume my place beside her, I went back to her room. Her sleep was now a kind of torpor, though she would rouse when desired to take medicine or food. The fever was increasing upon her. Her father still only came to the door, but lived in prayer for his first-born. I stayed with her till about one in the morning, and then left her to the kind care of Miss Godding, who, with others, was to remain with her that night also. Soon after I had left she roused a little, and said to Miss Godding, 'It is Easter eve; will you read me some of the Service?' Miss Godding told her it was not morning, but she said, 'It is past twelve, it is Easter eve; I should like to hear it.' Some portion was then read to her. Looking up earnestly she asked, 'How long did our Saviour remain in the grave? was it three days?' and then in the same kind of way she said, as if questioning herself, 'What is it makes Easter so happy?' She sank into a heavy kind of torpor, and the report which reached us next morn-

ing was not one to quiet our deep anxiety. We both went to her. To her father the change seemed fearful. What ravages disease had made upon that dear face, so brilliant a few days before! Fear began now with both of us to take the place of hope. We watched and prayed together by her and with her. He often went out of her room, and every one he met with that cared for her, he asked to join in prayer for her. He sent to all the churches to ask that prayer might be made for her and for us. He reminded me how his own life had, when hope seemed over, been granted to the prayers of the Church offered for him; and how, when Easter dawned, not only hope but joy had been given to us, when we had both thought that nothing but agony lay before me. He still clung to the thought that Easter now would bring us hope. The day went on; the doctors came about four. I could see Mr. Page was very uneasy; he well knew the value of this life we were watching. He desired us to take her out of bed, and sponge her with vinegar and water. This we did, but the skin was burning and dry. He then desired us to give her a vapour-bath by bottles filled with hot water, and wrapped in damp flannel put all about her; but alas! no relief to the fever; no moisture on the skin.

We watched and watched in silent agony, doing all we could, and still feeling that this precious gift was in God's hand, and He could give her back. We stayed with her long, but rest we must have. Mrs. Peach took our place, and we left her. Easter morning came, but with it no hope; she was much the same; no joy, no ray of joy or comfort came; all seemed dark as night. I watched the people as they came from the Easter Communion early on that day. I had never

been absent before on that day since my Confirmation, but there was no place for us that day. Mr. Page was there, and when he returned was sent for to Mrs. Dixon's; the news he brought from there hardly seemed to increase our agony, it was so great. May was ill! Sweet May, during the last days the only ray of brightness that ever came across me was of you and Craufurd, still sweet companions. Good and holy May, if you were spared Craufurd would still have one to guide and help him. I ever seemed to feel that he would not be taken ill.

Now, indeed, our cup seemed full. What should we do? Mrs. Dixon was very ill herself that day, May must be brought over to the Deanery; that we determined at once, and had her nursery got ready for her. The Easter bells began to ring. Oh how they sounded in my ears that day! Still, there was comfort in the thought that many who might with Easter joy join in those services would pray for us. What Easters had we had together, but now they were over!

When the services we loved so well had just begun, I left my Catty's room and came to our nursery to receive my May-flower. She had awoke in the morning well and happy, but was taken sick before she had quite finished dressing. She immediately, with the calmness and quickness of thought that always marked the character of this most sweet girl, said, 'Martha, keep Craufurd away from me; do not let him come near me, and then returned to bed, knowing evidently very well what was the matter with her. Mrs. Peach went over to Mrs. Dixon's and brought her in the carriage, wrapped in blankets. She seemed pleased to find herself with us again; her eyes looked very bright, and the fever gave her a brilliant colour.

May had the gift of exceeding brightness of beauty, which almost everybody loved to look upon, but few knew with what earnest goodness it was accompanied. She seemed, like dear Catty, ever to have walked straight to heaven. Yes, we seemed to feel day by day how certainly these two dear sisters had chosen for themselves the narrow path; and truly they had found the ways of religion to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths to be peace. With Catty there had been some of the struggle which attends the Christian course, and most surely the victory. With May it seemed as if heaven ever lay about her, the perfection of childhood's faith which sees no sorrow or difficulty in the way to heaven.

The Dean had gone over with Mrs. Peach to have a look at Craufurd, who, when he saw him, but might not come near him, and a minute after saw his May carried out, burst into a flood of bitter tears. Poor child, he felt lonely and desolate indeed. What should we do with him? A change he must have. After much anxiety and agony of thought, we determined to send him that day to Stanwix, to cousin Nannie, who, with the kind friends in whose home she was living, would watch over him tenderly, and make him as happy as they could.

I saw our darling May put in bed, and knelt down beside her to offer her to the care and keeping of her dear Saviour, in this her time of need. She asked earnestly after Catty, and then lay quietly down. I had left the room for a few minutes, and her hair had been meantime cut off. I felt it at the time a great relief that I had not to do it. It seemed to give a kind of hope to me that she at least would be brought safely through. When I came to her from time to time during

the next sad days, I always found her very quiet; sleeping a good deal, but most entirely herself; when awake, ever anxious for a little prayer and one fond kiss. Poor lamb, she never knew or guessed the agony of our hearts. How that day passed with my Catty I hardly know now, though we were constantly with her; only leaving her to find some vent for our suffering, and to pray with a very agony of prayer, that, if possible, the bitter cup put in our hands might be taken from us. It seems to me, so far as I can recall, three hours that she lay insensible. It was determined on that day that we should call in Dr. Barnes, and also send to London for Dr. Goodfellow. Night came; the fever was still higher and higher. We left her towards morning, and slept from the very agony of our grief.

Easter Monday dawned, and we awoke, longing that it might bring us hope. Her father went over at once to the other house. The doctors were there; he returned to me. I saw at once how it was. He said, 'Catty is no better, and her throat has begun to swell.' All my strength left me; I felt as if I could not live without her; and the agony I felt for his suffering was harder to bear than anything else. God was with us to strengthen us even in that darkness. I went downstairs, and Mr. Page came over to me; I felt as if I could not go to her, all my strength of body and spirit was gone. He gave me wine, and said, 'Go to her, she is quite sensible, it will comfort you both;' he could not give me hope, still he would not quite despair. Her father went to her, and then came back and said, 'Do come to her!' At length God heard my cry for help, and gave me calmness and a little strength. I went over to her then. She lay on that bed of suffering; she threw her precious arms round me, but could

not speak. She knew what we were suffering; no words were needed to communicate between her mind and ours. She could ever read at once in our face what was passing within. She had long seemed to us the connecting link that had kept us all together, in as sweet a bond of love as is ever given to a family on earth. Her father said first, 'I have prayed with her; will you?' I prayed much as we were used to pray together; it was by those prayers her soul had been trained for heaven. I knew she could, without effort, follow them, and so she did; her whole soul seemed absorbed in the prayer that God would bless her, would keep her to His heavenly kingdom, etc. She followed every word with her sweet lips, her hands meekly folded. After our prayers, I said a hymn she had loved, not only herself, but to teach the little ones:—

'Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for us life's pathway trod,
Who for us became a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

I Thy Lamb would ever be;
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.'

She followed every word of it, then she turned round and looked at us, her eyes full of love. Her father said, 'O my Catty, we do so love you, you have been such a treasure to us,—everybody loves you, my child!' A look and sense of love more than we or any earthly love could give her burst on her dear soul, now nearly ripe for heaven; she turned and looked with a look we never can forget, at us, and then upward towards heaven, and pointed there distinctly with her finger. While looking she seemed to see it open before her, and

its light rested upon her enough even for our dull sens to perceive in part. While pointing upward I sai 'She sees in heaven her Chatty, her Susan and France When I mentioned the name of the latter, of whc before we had not spoken to her as taken from us, brighter light came upon her, and again she point clearly and distinctly, and then with an earnestness words can convey, stretched forth both her hands to taken also, as if she saw, as most surely she did see, t angels waiting to convey her also to that place in t many mansions of our Father's house—into which thr of her darlings had entered. I looked at Mrs. Pea and said, 'She wants to leave us; she also wants to taken home!' Her father burst into floods of tear she beckoned him to her, and stretching forth her de hand, she wiped the tears away, which she could nev bear to see on his face, and tried in every way to co fort him. While she felt the gain to herself she d seem to feel for us. At this time—but I cannot rec the exact moment—I said to her the hymn she a dear May used to love to sing with me every Sund evening, and part of which they had taught Craufu after they were parted from me :—

'Brother, thou art gone before.'

I altered it to

'Little ones, ye are gone before us,' etc.

Her little lips followed all the time, and her ey seemed looking into that world unseen. Often nc it brings back to me a vision of my two sweet girls wi their arms round each other, chanting with all the hearts and with their bright clear voices this hymn the days of their health.

Her father said, 'You know how she loves Easte

can you say some part of the Easter Service to her?' I sang to her the Easter Anthem, and again her little lips followed. I said, 'Darling Catty, when you were a very little girl I watched by dear Papa on a day like this, when all hope seemed taken from us, but prayer was made by us and the Church for him, and he was given back to our prayers, and perhaps it may be God's will to give you back to us, my darling, for prayer is indeed made for you,—yet God knows what is best for you and us.' She felt that she was going, but she still clung to hope that even at the very last God would hear our prayers and give her back. No; this was not to be, but God gave us this blessed hour of triumph over death to comfort us. It did not last, for her sufferings again became intense, so intense that as far as we could tell she was insensible, and we could only watch and pray beside her. In the afternoon I felt a wish I could not resist to see my poor Craufurd from a distance. We ordered the closed carriage, and I went up and looked at him; it calmed and quieted my spirit a little even to see him and know that he was well and not unhappy. When I went back to my Catty she was still tossing about in sad suffering. Her father kept watch with Miss Godding and Mrs. Peach. How we passed through the next few hours I really do not know, so intense was the agony. They are hours which I suppose every one who has had exceeding brightness of life has to pass through; they are hours which burn into one's soul, and leave their heavy impress through all that remains of time; but no doubt, if Christ goes with us through them, they will produce blessed fruit to all eternity. God grant it may be so for us, and for all who kept that watch with us! We continued constantly in prayer with her, though she seemed no longer to hear

or able to join: but I think she was sensible, and no ray of doubt or fear seemed to cloud her mind. About ten o'clock the doctors came; they had not before, with all their fears, given quite up hope,—now they saw it was over, and that we must know it. Poor Mr. Page could not tell us, he felt too keenly for us, and gladly would he and all who knew us have snatched that cup of anguish from us; but it could not be,—our Father's hand had given it, He only could strengthen us to drink it. Dr. Graham told us that a very few hours would end that conflict. I had early in the day, when we feared what might be coming, gone round to every one in the Deanery, and implored them that should the accounts of our dear child become worse during the day, they would all be most careful not to let any sound of such tidings reach dear little May, who lay very ill in the third day of her fever, but quite herself, and very calm. The nurse was at that time, when the sad news did come, sitting alone with her, and no tidings reached that dear child of what was going on. So far as I could make out, she slept calmly and quietly that night.

Mr. Page returned after a few minutes, bringing Elizabeth from Mrs. Dixon's,—she could no longer bear the separation, and earnestly desired to see her dear god-child once more; at the same time all our servants came into the room, men and women. The exceeding bitterness of that hour seemed to touch every soul, and with loud and bitter crying all knelt down around her bed. Her father prayed with them all for this his most precious treasure; during the days of her illness how he had called upon all to pray for her! and now before all he had to say, 'Thy will be done,' and to kneel and give her up. He read the Prayer of Commendation, and when all rose from their knees they left us, and

again time went slowly on. She became quieter, and settled off to die. Mrs. Peach sat beside her and Miss Godding; we could not—we went down-stairs, and then came up again, knelt down beside her, and prayed for her.

At length the agony was too much for me: my strength gave way; I could not stay beside her; I could not stay down-stairs. Miss Godding took me over to the Deanery, and laid me on my bed and lay down beside me. I suppose I must have slept, for, as the clock struck four I sat up in bed, and in a very agony of prayer seemed to follow the soul of my child through its parting conflict. I then prayed for those who had strength given them to be with her to the last. After that I again became unconscious till her father came in to tell me all was over. 'Yes,' I said, 'she went at four.' It was so—at four on Easter Tuesday, her baptismal morn, steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, she had so passed through the waves of this troublesome world that she had come to the land of everlasting life. That day ten years I had stood with her in my arms at the font, and given her into her father's arms, who had baptized her in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who had signed her with the sign of the cross, in token that she should never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and to continue His faithful soldier and servant to her life's end. Yes, with earnestness of joyful love we had laid our new-found treasure at our Saviour's feet that day, unflinchingly seeking that she might be His, and now with the fulness of sorrowing love we had laid her at His feet for ever. My dear mother, who stood by us rejoicing on Easter Tuesday 1846, no doubt welcomed her with joy unspeakable on

Easter Tuesday 1856. Now she was gone home; she is blessed for ever. A few days before her illness began, she said to Miss Godding, 'I do hope I may go to Church on my baptism day!' Blessed child! your wish was granted you indeed.

At about six o'clock Miss Godding went, at my wish, to send my husband. She found him still in that sad house. I threw my arms round him, and said, 'Can you submit?' Yes, he could even do this, and he could strengthen me. How could I have borne all without his help and his prayers? We saw her once more together about four o'clock on the afternoon of Easter Tuesday. She lay with a wreath of white flowers round her dear head, and a sweet, quiet, thoughtful look on her face,—she seemed to me so like her beloved father; we knelt beside her and prayed as best we could. The next day no bell tolled, no carriages came to the door; the Abbey gate was kept locked; no sound was allowed to reach our darling May, and we stole out again to bear to its last resting-place the body of this beloved one. The Dean's brother James was with us now, and other friends came to show their respect and love to this our dear eldest daughter,—this dear girl who we had fondly hoped would so soon have taken her place beside us in all the duties and business of our life. But God had willed it otherwise. On our return home, we all met together to receive our Easter Communion in our sad and solemn house. We needed it indeed to help us over this heavy part of our journey, and to enable our breaking hearts to realise that there remaineth a rest for the people of God.

Now arose the question in our heart, How would it be with our dear May? Would she remain with us? and might we hope to build up our stricken family

again with May and Craufurd, two dear companions, and little baby? or would she refuse to stay after her Catty had winged her flight to heaven? My husband had said, when standing by Catty, 'How will May bear it? She has never been separated from her, and no one has ever been able to speak of the one without the other.' Catty and May went together in all things. I had then said, 'Perhaps they will not have to be separated.' Still we did fondly, earnestly hope that May might be spared. We knew she would soon be happy again; she would dearly love Craufurd, and they would work and play together; she would be a sweet nurse to little Lucy, and a dear companion to us. Then we remembered how simply and easily at all times she submitted to God's will. About two years ago, when walking at Rockcliffe with the dear child, her father had said, 'I should like to have a house for you out here in the country.' Sweet May, looking earnestly at him, said, 'Oh, but we must have the house where God has put us.' It was the great reality of her life, and would not fail her now.

She had since Sunday, when her illness began, lain very quiet in her bed, sleeping a good deal, taking all that was required of her, very patient, regular and devout in her own prayers, and being so glad whenever we could come and say a little prayer with her; she was also read to a little at a time. Every one thought she would do well. Dr. Goodfellow, who had reached Carlisle from London a few hours too late to find dear Catty alive, now took his constant watch with Mr. Page over our sweet May. Dr. Barnes was also in constant and watchful attendance. The night after dear Catty's funeral was the fourth night of fever with May. Towards the morning of Thursday she became delirious,

and this went on increasing with the fever all day to a fearful extent. Towards evening we could hardly hold her in bed; there were again hours of untold trial; her delirium was that of a pure and holy child, still it was heartrending to witness. Hours, long hours, we listened to it, fearing that it would wear her out, and that she must sink under it without even again knowing us. Towards morning she became quieter, and slept. Friday, we were told the first crisis was over. Scarlet fever had run its course; the rash would now die away, and a few days would determine how it would leave her. The fever still ran high, and she was quite delirious. Saturday she was no better; it would not be a simple case, it was leaving ill effects—what, no one seemed to know, until late on Saturday erysipelas appeared all over the face and neck. Her head became better, and she knew us, though she was not quite herself. Towards evening the doctors seemed much more satisfied about her, but it had been a day of intense trial, and had told upon her father, who was very unwell that night, and kept his bed next morning, to the great increase of my anxiety. I think it was during the course of that night that dear May called Mrs. Peach or the housemaid, both of whom were keeping watch by her, and said, 'I have had such a curious dream: I dreamt we were all together at Stanwix Church, but I shan't tell you what I thought after that.' She then said something about a dear little boy she had seen at Stanwix Bank—the name of the house where dear Craufurd was staying, though she knew not he was there. She then said, 'Will you find and read to me the hymn called "Victory in Death"?' They did not know where to find it, so she said, 'It is in the book we gave Jane at Christmas.' The book was found; she

said, 'Give it to me,' and taking it, found the hymn herself, and had it read to her several times :—

'Away, thou dying saint, away,
Fly to the mansions of the blest;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
He calls thee to eternal rest.

Thy toils at length have reached a close,
No more remains for thee to do;
Away, away to thy repose,
Beyond the reach of evil go.

Away to yonder realms of light,
Where multitudes redeemed with blood
Enjoy the beatific sight,
And dwell for ever with their God.

Go, mix with them and share their joy,
In heaven behold the sinner's Friend,
In pleasures share that never cloy,
In pleasures that will never end.

And may our happy portion be
To join thee in the realms above,
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing His everlasting love!'

It was a hymn quite unknown to me; it was her own choice, sweet child,—she had found and loved it for herself; and almost always in health, this dear girl would find and choose hymns about death. From her earliest babyhood, death had seemed to my May a great and blessed reality, the way by which she was to attain her real life. When little more than three years old, soon after we went to Carlisle, in driving one day, I heard her in high talk with Catty on some subject. They were sitting in a little seat behind, and I turned round and asked what it was they were talking about.

May said, 'Mamma, Catty says you would be very sorry if I was to die, but I am sure you would be very glad, for you would know that I should be so much happier.' Nothing but sin seemed to convey any sense of sorrow to May's mind; her earnest desire for everybody to be good was very touching.

After that hymn had been read to her she said, 'Now will you read to me grandpapa's hymn?' I had once told her that he was very fond of Watts' hymn, 'How fair has the day been!' Her love and veneration for her dear grandpapa (my father) was another beautiful feature in my little May, and yet she only saw him from time to time. One day, some years ago, I found her in tears, and she said, 'Mamma, I was thinking about my dear grandpapa.' Another time she said, 'Oh, mamma, I do so want to see my dear grandpapa,' and she seemed always pleased to think that he had christened her.

Frequently during her illness she asked Miss Godding to say to her the poem of 'The Better Land,' and she quite seemed to drink it in.

That Sunday morning I went to her and read a little of the Bible; she then asked if she might have 'Emma and her Nurse' to read to herself. We could not get it for her, as it had been lent, so we gave her 'Henry and his Bearer,' and she read a great deal of it through that day. At half-past eleven I read the greater part of the Service to our family; when I returned to her again, I perceived a shortness of breathing which I did not like. At night when the doctors came to see her, thinking now that every hour she would gain ground, symptoms had appeared which made Dr. Goodfellow determine to remain in the house that night; next morning they told us they now feared the very worst, but that a few

hours would decide. If the disease had assumed the form they feared, she probably would not live. The hours passed on, and instead of losing she seemed to gain ground; it became evident that what they feared was not the case. About six o'clock, after long examination, Dr. Goodfellow told us it was now evident what form the disease would take; abscesses were forming, it might be some time, but if her strength could be kept up, he had every hope she might yet do well. He was obliged to leave her that night, and indeed there was no cause for his stay,—she could not have a tenderer or more watchful eye over her than Mr. Page, and it was touching to see how the little girl clung to him, and seemed to look forward to his visit. Yes, dear May, everything that man could do for you to keep you here was done; all who knew us felt how precious your dear life was, it had a fourfold value now your four dear sisters were taken,—and truly I may say that prayer was made for you and for us daily, by hundreds all over the kingdom. So clearly do we see in all this the finger of God—He made it so clear to us that He would not grant this precious boon,—that we can contemplate more calmly, perhaps, the fortnight of your suffering than any other part of our bitter trial.

The next week was one of hope more than fear; she was removed each day from one nursery to the other. She often sat for about half an hour on Mrs. Peach's knee. She could take as much food as was necessary for her; the mind did not wander; she was calm and quiet, very patient and very obedient. Miss Godding and Mrs. Peach, assisted at times and in turns by the others in attendance, were wonderful in their unwearied and devoted nursing. Miss Godding kept up a brightness and cheerfulness about that sick-bed I can never

forget. And Mrs. Peach—what a task was hers, for those dear children whose lives she had watched over, and who were entwined round her heart almost as much as if they had been her own! The Dean and I were constantly with her, but we did not do much in the way of nursing; almost everything seemed at stake for us in that bed of suffering. The abscess formed rapidly, and discharged to a fearful extent; still not more than Mr. Page thought she could bear. 'The only thing,' he said, 'I do not like is, that the pulse still keeps up as high as ever, and I fear lest it should be caused by some internal mischief; also, no moisture ever seems to come upon the skin; the little hands are dry and hard always.'

She was very good and calm, constant in her prayers, and asking frequently for a little prayer from both of us. She did not refer to her darlings taken from her, except once, when she awoke up and said, 'I thought we were all together again;' and sometimes in the slight delirium which preceded sleep, she would say, 'I want to go to them, I want to go to them.' She did not know that her Catty was taken, and would frequently ask about her; everything she fancied herself she begged that half might be kept for Catty. When Miss Godding came to her first, she asked if she would nurse her or Catty. When delirious, Craufurd was the one she always called for and talked about. She liked to be read to, and would often try to read to herself, for at times she was quite deaf. The early hours of the night, when I always remained with her, though not alone, have left a strong impression upon my mind. She had taken a quieting powder, and used to sleep at that time, perhaps ten minutes or half an hour together. One night, I remember well, Miss Godding lay on the

floor beside her; she slept nearly an hour. It was the longest sleep I remember, and I knelt at my prayers on the other side; the greatness of eternity in comparison to time came fully over me. I could even rejoice in the certainty of that blessedness into which my darlings had entered, and calmly could I leave in the hands of my Saviour the future of this sweet sufferer. Also, I could accept for ourselves the present cup of suffering, feeling sure that the feelings of intense happiness given us in these dear children, now broken for this world, would be taken up and perfected in that world which is to come. Sunday came again, but we did not feel so hopeful as we had some days before. I was sitting by the dear girl with my Bible open. She asked me to read, and I read to her a portion of the first chapter of the Acts. She then said, 'Will you read to me the twenty-fifth of St. Matthew?' It was a very favourite chapter with her, and she listened eagerly to it. She was moved that day to a water-bed, which we hoped might ease the suffering in her back, which often made her give a cry of extreme pain; when placed upon it she seemed more easy. On Saturday, Craufurd had sent her two eggs, an orange, and a little note. She was highly delighted at receiving them from him; she said she would have one egg herself, and Miss Godding should take the other to Catty, also half the orange; as for the note, it must be placed in her own hand, and when any one came into the room, she called them, and said, 'I have had a note from Criff; is it not nicely written? Will you read it to me?' And then she would say, 'How kind he was to send it to me!'

On Sunday evening her father was again very poorly, and we had great anxiety about May, as Mr. Page could not tell us the pulse had yielded, and now many days

had gone on. I stayed with her till twelve, and then, being anxious about the Dean, went to try to make him sleep. That morning I went early to her room, hearing that in the night she had thrown up a little blood. Mr. Page came, and looked much distressed when he heard and saw this. Alas! it told its own tale. What he had feared was true: internal mischief was going on. He went with me to the Dean, who had awakened very poorly, and then he said to us, 'May is worse.' It was a very dark morning to me, for I was anxious about both my husband and May. I went with a heavy heart and a slow step from the one to the other, and to poor little baby, who I felt would soon be our only daughter upon earth, though I felt I could not give up hope about May. Between eleven and twelve o'clock she asked to be moved in her bed. Miss Godding and Mrs. Peach raised her. Such a change came over her! Death was written on her face, and her breathing was hard. I ran to call her father, who was still in bed; he rose instantly to come to her. Returning to her room, I met Mrs. G. Dixon, who had heard she was worse, and was come to inquire about this dear little girl, for whom she felt a most keen interest, as she had been with her the last few days of health, and had been taken ill in her house. I told her how ill she was, and said, 'Would you like to see her?' She came with us to her room. No one thought she could live five minutes. Her father came in, and we all knelt down beside her. The feeling in my mind was, 'She has glorified Thee in her life, and we will glorify Thee in her death.'

Mr. Page came in, and thought the conflict would soon be over, when as suddenly life seemed to return. Her eyes resumed their brightness: she spoke to us,

and seemed quite herself. How we began now to hope that life was indeed to be given back; that the worst was over, and the crisis past! This hope I could not give up all that day or the next, though she lay very, very ill, with a craving for food, and yet not able to keep anything on her stomach. The sickness was incessant, and the craving heartrending for us to see. At last she said, 'Everything makes me sick.' Dear little patient girl, your sufferings were soon to end! Night came; between twelve and one I was sitting by her. She looked at Miss Godding and said, 'Where's Catty?' Miss Godding did not answer at once, so she called me with a loud voice, 'Mamma, mamma! where is Catty? where is Catty?' It was the first time she had asked me; I said, 'May, dear, the Good Shepherd has come and taken your dear Catty.' She said with a voice of astonishment, 'What!' I said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ has taken your dear Catty to heaven. He has taken her to Chatty and Frances and Susan; shall you like to go to her?' She became very silent, and did not answer me, but her mind seemed satisfied—she never asked again. A slight change of symptoms during the night gave me a little more hope; in fact, I felt that if it were possible, God would give us back this child, so many, so earnest, so frequent were the prayers for her. All the Tuesday morning I sat beside her and her father; also uncle James, who had been with us all this time, came in on the Monday night to see her. She knew him in a moment, and said, 'Uncle James!' Her eyes looked as bright and beautiful as when he had last parted from her in full health. It made him and us very sad, for the thoughts of all went back to the few weeks before, when all the six, in great health and spirits, had stood at the door to wish their uncles good-

bye. Aunt Lizzie also saw her several times these last anxious days of her sweet life. As I was sitting by her, on Tuesday morning, she took the Bible out of my hand to read it for herself; it was open in St. Matthew's Gospel, at the twenty-fourth chapter. Miss Godding helped her to hold it, for she was too weak herself; we could trace her little eye eagerly all through the chapter. I said to her, 'May, what are you reading?' She looked at me and said, 'About the Last Day.' How calmly and with comfort came to me the thought that that day would bring no terror to my child, and again for her also I felt how little could we see what was before her, but that He was guiding her who could see and know all. In His hand I was again able to feel that it was well to leave her. I tried, but in vain, to make her ask for her own life. When suffering from extreme thirst I said to her, 'May, do you remember how thirsty Ishmael was when under the tree, and how God gave him back life when he asked for it?' But no—she would not ask for her life. She asked frequently for hymns and prayers all through the day.

Mrs. G. Dixon sent her some jelly, which pleased her much, and a little note; she would have it put with Craufurd's two notes.

Dear, dear Craufurd, this was a day of trial for you. He had never been told of Catty's death; they feared so much that he might himself be taken ill any day. Now the longest time prescribed by the doctors had passed, and Mr. Page yielded to my desire that he should know of Catty's death, and also of May's extreme danger. We left her room to write to him. His father and I both wrote, and put the letters through lime and water. It eased my mind that he should no longer be kept in ignorance of God's dealings with us. I felt a craving

desire to see him again before he heard the bitter tidings. I used to go every day up in the closed carriage to have a peep at him, and I determined to go that day also. I felt it would ease my mind, and her father would stay with her. I went to her and said, 'Dear May, I am going to see Craufurd.' She begged that her love might be given him, and thanks for his second note. 'Shall I ask Criff to pray for you, dear May, that if it please God you may stay with us? Should you like to stay with us?' She said 'Yes.' Calling me back she said, 'Will you see Mrs. Dixon, and thank her for the jelly?' I said if I could see her I would thank her. I drove up to Stanwix. Craufurd came running out, his face beaming with delight to see me; he looked very well. I said, 'I have brought you some letters, darling. Cousin Nannie will read them to you.' He looked so pleased. I said, 'They are sad letters, Craufurd,' and a cloud came over his dear face, but he picked them up and took them in when I drove away. I returned back to my sick child again. She said at once, 'Have you thanked Criff?' I said, 'Yes.' She then said, 'Have you thanked Mrs. Dixon?' I said, 'I have not been able to see her yet, darling.' She then called her father, with great earnestness, and said, 'Bring a paper and pen and ink, I want to write to Mrs. Dixon.' She was quite impatient till they came. 'Now,' she said, 'write "My dear Mrs. Dixon, I thank you very much for that nice jelly."' It seemed an effort to her to dictate, and I said, 'That will do, darling, for to-day.' She then said, 'I want to write to Criff.' I said, 'You must rest now, perhaps you may be stronger another time, and then you shall tell us what to say.' I then went to nurse baby. When I came back Miss Godding said, 'She has had such a

smile upon her face!' I went to her, and she smiled at me, but oh, it was a smile fearful to witness, and fearful was the agony it gave me. About half-past five she said, 'I am going to say my prayers,' and closing her eyes she continued in prayer for some minutes, and then, in a whisper which we could plainly hear, she repeated the Creed. She then called her father and said, 'I have said my prayers and am going to sleep, will you say a little prayer with me?' We knelt down and prayed with her; she then called me to say a prayer with her, and said, 'Good-night, dear mamma, I am going to sleep.' We then heard her say to herself, 'May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.' These were the last words that we could hear. Up to this moment I had clung to hope, but now Mr. Page came in and told us that she could not stay with us many more hours. Nothing more could be done. God was taking from us the charge of this little one also. I said, 'Oh, Mr. Page, I should so like to keep her!' But it could not be, and I know now it is well.

Poor Mrs. Peach had just left her, after long and incessant watching, and had gone for a little rest, fearing she might at night need all her strength. I went to her, told her how it was, and again she rose to keep with us that watch of death.

Uncle James and aunt Lizzie, hearing how it was, came also. Jane and Elizabeth and the nurse were in the room. All was quiet, and our spirits were calm as we kept a watch of prayer and faith round that little bed. The darling lay quiet and peaceful, as if she was going to take her evening sleep; her eyes, bright and very beautiful, were fixed on us; she seemed quite to know us, and sweet peace was on

her dear face. She was going home,—she was not to be separated from her beloved sisters. Mrs. Peach sat close beside her, wetting her lips, Miss Godding on the other side. Her father and I knelt hand in hand beside her bed; uncle James and aunt Lizzie at the foot of the bed. Her father prayed with her, commended her departing soul to her dear Saviour; then I said to her the Hymn which she had chosen for her own comfort:—

'Away, thou dying saint, away,
Flee to the mansions of the blest.'

I did not shrink now from saying it to her, as I had shrunk when first she asked for it. Then it had been hard indeed to say,

'No more remains for thee to do,'

but now I knew it was well, and I turned my anguish into prayer,—prayer that God would comfort us in our extreme desolation, and strengthen us to bear and suffer all His will,—prayer for my Craufurd, that God would make up to him for these sweet sisters who seemed so gently leading him in the way that he should go, and that He would Himself guide him, and comfort him, and keep him from all evil influence. Yes, Craufurd; ever remember the agony of prayer for you in this sad hour. Until eight o'clock we continued thus beside her, saying texts and verses that she loved, and which she seemed to follow; and then her summons came, and the brightness of those beautiful eyes closed for ever on this world of sin and sorrow, and opened in heaven. Thus were we called upon to part with these five most blessed little daughters, each of whom had been received in prayer, borne in prayer, educated with prayer, and now given up, though with bitter anguish, yet with prayer and thanksgiving.

Now, constantly, with our daily prayers, we say for them this thanksgiving and commemoration :—

Lord, Thou hast let Thy little ones depart in peace.

Into Thy hands, O God, we have commended their spirits, for Thou hast redeemed them, O Lord, Thou God of truth.

Thou hast brought their souls out of prison; and now they praise Thee.

Thou hast delivered them from the body of this death.

Thou hast said unto their souls, I am thy salvation.

Thou hast said unto them, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.

Now they feel the salvation of Jesus; now they feel the anointing of Christ, even the oil of gladness wherewith Thou art anointed.

Thou hast guided them through the valley of death.

Now they see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Thou, O Lord, hast commanded their spirits to be received up to Thee in peace.

O Lord, Thou hast bid them come unto thee.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory.

Thy loving Spirit leads them forth into the land of righteousness, into Thy holy hill, into Thy heavenly kingdom.

Thou didst send Thy angel to meet them and to carry them into Abraham's bosom.

Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace, of joy and gladness.

Thou hast received them into the arms of Thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with Thy saints in light.

There they reign with Thy elect angels, Thy blessed saints departed, Thy holy prophets and glorious apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity and blessedness, for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWO days afterwards the little child was laid in the same grave with her eldest sister.

The bereaved father and mother returned for an hour to the Deanery after the funeral, then fled from what must have been to them as a city of destruction. 'They are in the safe keeping of God and His good angels,' she wrote; 'and now know the joy of His people in the Kingdom of His glory; and as for us, we know to Whom we have committed them, and are sure that He is able to keep them for us.'

A cross stands over the grave in Stanwix Churchyard, with an octagonal base, on five of the sloping sides of which are the names of the five little ones, with dates of birth and death. On the three remaining sides are the following inscriptions:—

HERE LIE THE MORTAL BODIES OF
FIVE LITTLE SISTERS
THE MUCH-LOVED CHILDREN OF A. C. TAIT
DEAN OF CARLISLE
AND CATHARINE HIS WIFE
WHO WERE ALL CUT OFF WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.—REV. XIV. 4.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in His bosom.—ISA. XL. 2.

WE pass over twenty-two years,—to another open grave.

It was Tuesday afternoon, June 4th, 1878, that Craufurd Tait was buried in the sweet churchyard of Addington, amid a crowd of those who had loved him, clergy, relations, school and college friends, and humble dependants and parishioners. The day remains fixed indelibly in the memory of those who were there. The rustling of the breeze among the tall elms, tempering the heat of the bright sun, and the tinkling of a distant sheep-bell, are the only sounds which break the stillness, save the voice of the priest,—'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Glances almost involuntary are cast at the central figures in the group by the grave; but all is perfectly calm, and the Lord's Prayer sounds so earnest and heartfelt as each voice firmly takes it up. The service comes to an end, so does the hymn that follows—'Brother, thou art gone before.' No one moves, but the foremost mourner has stepped forward, a wonderful repose of sorrow stamped upon each feature, and his voice hardly falters as he pronounces the Benediction. All linger a few minutes longer; most are praying silently, and all feel that they know what the prayer of each is. Then the crowd slowly disperses, not to leave him there, but to carry him with them in that communion and fellowship which they will hold with him until the day of restitution of all things, as often as they strive to live the life of faith in the Son of God.

The bereaved mother stood for one moment alone when the burial was over, and said in a low but

intensely earnest and thrilling voice, heard only, it is believed, by one young relative, 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead.'

Let us pass on three weeks further,—to St. Peter's Day. On that day the American Bishops came to Canterbury, and there was an immense gathering at the Cathedral. We will quote the Bishop of Pennsylvania's account of it, from an address which he delivered to his clergy on returning home :—

'At three in the afternoon of this day the Bishops, to the number of thirty or forty, met in the Chapter-House of the Cathedral. Having robed there, they walked in procession through the cloisters and through the west door of the nave, the choristers and the Cathedral clergy chanting the Psalms appointed for this occasion. The Cathedral was filled with thousands of people, assembled to witness the imposing and unwonted spectacle, for never before had so many Bishops met within its walls.

'On the centre of the altar-steps was placed the patriarchal chair of St. Augustine, a plain stone cathedra, and in it the ninetieth successor of St. Augustine in the See of Canterbury took his seat, and addressed the assembled Bishops, saying, "My brothers, representatives of the Church throughout the world, engaged in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ wherever the sun shines, I esteem it a very high privilege to welcome you here to-day to the cradle of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. I am addressing you from St. Augustine's chair. This thought carries us back to the time when that first missionary to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, amid much discouragement, landed on these then barbarous shores. More than twelve centuries and a

half have rolled on since then. The seed he sowed has borne an abundant harvest, and this great British nation, and our sister beyond the ocean, have cause to render thanks to God for the work begun by him here." His clear and strong address was closed by the following words to the American Bishops :—

'"My brothers from across the Atlantic,—you especially from the great Republic,—to you a particular welcome is due from me. Partly for our Church's sake, partly for my sake, partly also for something you discerned in himself, you welcomed one very dear to me last autumn. The bond that unites us is not the less sacred because so many hopes of earthly joy have withered and disappeared. God unite us all more closely in His own great family. And now let us to prayer."'

The Bishop of Louisiana, Dr. Wilmer, of whose sweet aged face many of us retain so happy a recollection, was staying at Lambeth. On the evening before he left Lambeth he sat beside Mrs. Tait at dinner. He spoke of the deep pleasure he had received by his visit, and of the improbability of his ever seeing England again. 'I hope it may be otherwise,' said Mrs. Tait, 'and that we may, if it please God, meet in ten years at this table.' 'No,' said the Bishop, 'possibly my brother here,' turning to the Bishop of Nebraska, 'but not I.' And so they parted. And on the selfsame day, she in Edinburgh, he in America, passed away, to meet again in the sanctuary and presence above.

Two more scenes, and we have done. The first is in Lambeth Chapel, the graceful building of the roystering Archbishop Boniface of Savoy. 'It is strange,' writes Mr. Green, 'to stand at a single step in the very heart

of the ecclesiastical life of so many ages, within walls beneath which the men in whose hands the fortunes of English religion have been placed from the age of the Great Charter till to-day have come and gone; to see the light falling through the tall windows and their marble shafts on the spot where Wyclif fronted Sudbury, on the lowly tomb of Parker, on the stately screen-work of Laud, on the altar where the last sad communion of Sancroft originated the Nonjurors. It is strange to note the very characteristics of the building itself, marred as it is by modern restoration, and to feel how simply its stern, unadorned beauty, the beauty of Salisbury and of Lincoln, expressed the very tone of the Church that finds its centre there.'[1] The restoration here referred to is the roof which was erected by Mr. Blore during the Primacy of Archbishop Howley. Of what has been done since Mr. Green wrote, a few words have to be said.

Lambeth Chapel is a shrine specially dear to the American Church. Here Provoost and White and Madison were consecrated. Here, in 1867, the American Bishops were most lovingly welcomed by Archbishop Longley; and one of their number preached the opening sermon at the first Lambeth Conference. They won all hearts at that time by their manly, unaffected simplicity, as well as vigour. 'I believe,' said the Archbishop of Dublin to the present writer, 'that they are about the ablest body of men I ever met.' They on their part were moved with delight at the heartiness of the reception, and sent over, as a thank-offering to the Mother Church of England, the handsome alms-dish which ornaments the Lord's

[1] *Stray Studies*, p. 114.

table at Lambeth.[1] When the next Conference met, although the shadow of death hung over the Palace, they found a welcome extended to them none the less hearty; and they again resolved on making an offering to the Chapel. The restoration of the Chapel was in progress. The windows which had been filled with stained glass by Cardinal Morton had been broken during the troubled times of the Reformation, so that Laud found them, to use his own words, 'shameful to look upon, all diversely patched like a poor beggar's coat.' He carefully restored them, but the storm of popular violence rose again until no trace of their beauty was left. For two centuries they remained, restored indeed to decency, but with all their loveliness destroyed. In the work of restoration therefore the replacing of the stained glass was one of the first objects in view, and happily the means of doing this were accessible. It was known that the broken windows had been copied from pictures in the *Biblia Pauperum*, and to these accordingly the artists, Messrs. Clayton and Bell, betook themselves. In each case the two side-lights contain representations of types, of which the Antitype is in the centre. The centre light of one of the windows on the south side was undertaken by the American Prelates. The other window is erected by many friends to the memory of Craufurd, and underneath it is the following inscription:—

[1] It bears in the middle, on the front side, the following inscription: —'*Orbis Veteri Novus Occidens Orienti Filia Matri* 1871;' on the reverse side, running round the circumference, '*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Matri per manus Apostolicas Reverendissimi Georgii Augusti Selwyn Dei Gratia Episcopi Lichfieldiensis pacis et benevolentiæ internuncii ejusdemque auctoris hoc pietatis testimonium filii Americani dederunt.*'

In Memory of the

REV. CRAUFURD TAIT, M.A.

ONLY SON OF

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

AND OF CATHARINE TAIT.

Simple, pure, manly, energetic, kindly, because in all things truly Christian, he won the hearts of young and old, rich and poor. He was loved and respected at Eton, at Christ Church, and in his Curacy at Saltwood, in his visit to the East, and to the United States of America, and here, as his father's Chaplain.

Faithful during his brief earthly ministry, he was gently summoned from his home below, with all its duties, enjoyments, and hopes, to his real home in the immediate presence of Christ. Many friends of all degrees and ranks have united in dedicating this window as a memorial of love.

Born at Rugby, spared in the fever which desolated his father's home at Carlisle in his childhood, he died at Stonehouse, Thanet, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, on the eve of the Lord's Ascension, May 29th, 1878.

As for me, I will behold Thy Presence in righteousness, and when I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.—PSALM XVII. 16.

The subjects of the two windows are—(1.) Craufurd's Memorial: in the centre, Mary Magdalene and Christ in the Garden—the incredulity of St. Thomas—the Ascension; in the one side-light, Gideon—Enoch; in the other, Jacob wrestling with the Angel—Elijah. (2.) The American window: centre, the Consecration of Matthias—the Gift of Pentecost—the Last Judgment; side-lights,—Solomon's Judgment—Moses receiving the Two Tables,—David and the Amalekite—Elijah's Sacrifice.

The other portions of the restoration comprise a very

rich arrangement of mosaics on the East Wall, and the replacing of the rough floor by a tile pavement.

And now at Lambeth Chapel, as we may say, Mrs. Tait yielded up her work as the Primate's wife. We have read in his Memoir the account of that solemn day of Holy Communion, and the Marriage ceremony, and the quiet Evening Prayers. On the following day she left England, never with mortal eye to behold it again. The memory of that wedding-day is as of the distant past. The far-off look—far as Addington and Stanwix Churchyards, far as heaven—the pale, wistful, and almost aged face, which seemed the personation of her husband's last sermon, 'sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing;' the earnest notes uttering Keble's hymn, 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden,' now as with the strength of gladness, now faltering and breaking down, —those who were there will long remember all that. This was the 12th of November.

On the 7th of December—it was her newly married daughter's twentieth birthday—all of her that could die was laid to rest in Addington Churchyard, beside her boy, not now under the summer sun, but in a cold misty afternoon. The chief mourner walked up meekly to the coffin in the chancel, and gently kissed the head of it, and joined the choir in singing 'Lead, kindly Light,' and spoke the Benediction at the grave. The Archbishop of York took part in the service, and there were present the Bishops of London, Winchester, St. Albans, Rochester, and Dover, and the Deans of Westminster, Durham, and Windsor. The latter brought four wreaths from the Queen and Royal Family, and an autograph letter of sympathy from the Queen. The funeral ended, the family, including the newly-married

daughter, who with her husband had hurried back from Florence, to meet her father at Lambeth, went down, as on the 4th of June, to Stonehouse the same evening.

Since that day the Christmas festival has four times come and gone, bringing with it the old tidings, ever fresh and joy-inspiring, that God is with us, in the midst of us, even unto the end of the world. The hope that filled the hearts of the mourners in the darkest hour of their sorrow grows with the advancing years. The bitterness of sorrow has passed, but the love which fills every memory of the vanished faces and the hushed voices becomes yet deeper and stronger as it is joined to the assured faith, the gift of the Most Merciful, that mortality shall be swallowed up of life. The hearts of those who wait here are comforted and at peace. 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'

One word remains to be said, of gratitude to friends far and near, and to the whole Church at large. The comfort which Catharine Tait, being dead, has spoken to mourners has been returned by them a hundredfold by the loving sympathy which they have expressed to her dear ones after reading her words.

And friends who loved and revered her have made it their care to put upon an assured foundation the Orphanage which had its origin in the memory of her children in heaven. An endowment fund was raised, almost sufficient, with the payments from the children themselves, to make the Orphanage self-supporting.

And her children hope and pray daily that the spirit of self-sacrifice which founded it may rule within it continually, that those who tend the little ones may do so as under the eye of the Good Shepherd, and that in all things God may be glorified.

THE END.

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